HOSTESS DIARY

JAN 1944- DEC. 1944

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WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Saturday, January 1, 1944 Very pleasant

Over a hundred people started the New Year by dining at the Inn. At noon time both large and small dining rooms were in use. Among the guests were our good friends Captain and Mrs.Elwell who brought with them Major John R. Canavan recently returned from Gualalcanal. Captain Elwell wanted the Major to talk about his experiences on Guadalcanal but the Major was inclined to be reticent,especially about his military life there. He did tell something about the island itself and the natives living there.

Sunday, January 2, 1944 Pleasant

Today a Britisher arrived wearing the proverbial tweeds and hand-knit sweater. Also using a very pronounced accent! He mentioned his affiliation with the Royal Navy and "fellow officers", then roamed around the house. Late in the afternoon, according to his account, he "bolted" his dinner in order to see more of the "old place".

Monday, January 3, 1944 Pleasant

Another lone soldier wandered into the Bar-room this morning looking very lonely and very bashful. This time in the uniform of the United States Navy. He removed coat and hat and announced his place of residence as Los Angeles, California. "My mother and father have been here" he said, "and wanted me to come". His name was Thatcher, Private Dickinson Thatcher. During a tour of the Inn which was thorough in detail, Private Thatcher spoke of his boy scout training, particularly in connection with starting a fire by friction tinder. Evidently he had practised this art during his scout training and enjoyed reviewing the facts about it.

Tuesday, January 4, 1944 Cloudy

The Englishman who came Sunday faded into the background when Cedric Bishop of the Royal Air Fleet arrived today. "I'd like my beef "underdone" said he. Then in the most pronounced accent ever heard, Mr. Bishop talked about the cinema (movies), the trams (street-cars), the chemists (drug store), the pavements (side walks), the wireless (radio) and "the Stytes". "Girls in the 'Stytes' are much prettier and more fun to be with than Canadian girls", he said. With a twinkle in his eye and a hearty laugh he continued - "You know I thought I spoke English until I came to the Stytes!" Training for the service was done in Canada but Mr. Bishop's home is in Exeter, England.

Wednesday, January 5, 1944 Cloudy

The clock in the Bar-room struck two and a second afterwards the old "sombre" in the Parlor resounded with two bells. "I never hear a clock strike without remembering the words which go with the Westminster chimes" said Mr. France a guest of long standing. "What are the words?" we asked as Mr. France stood in a kind of trance. Then he recited them.

"All through this hour
Lord, be our guide
And by thy power no foot
shall slide".

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Thursday, January 6, 1944 Rain and snow

The Rotary Club of Marlboro, which for the past two or three months has been meeting every Thursday at the Inn, has decided to meet at another Inn nearer the city. "Some of the members regret very much not coming here" said Mr. Bigelow, Marlboro City Treasurer, as he dropped in today to pick up song books and flag belonging to the Club. "The men like the atmosphere here better then any other place" continued Mr. Bigelow, "but it is a question of limited time and gasoline."

Friday, January 7, 1944 Pleasant

Grandpa Winter changed his cold, gray garb last night. This morning he wears a cloak of fleecy white. Every little twig and branch have put it on and are lying snug and warm beneath it. The Inn has nestled down, it seems, for a long winters' nap - and the Wayside Inn-ers themselves are inclined to bask in the beauty of this Winter morning instead of tending to every-day routine. But the sun is up! Its stirring around with long, bright rays-sweeping them across roof tops and meadow lands and leaving in their path a million sparkling diamonds. What a beautiful morning!

Saturday, January 8, 1944 Icy

The roads have dangerous spots of ice on them. Consequently very few guests appeared and even Mr. and Mrs. Bowker didn't venture forth from Worcester this evening. The day was used to good advantage, however, in "catching up" on left over work. The Diary, for instance, was filed away as a record for Wayside Inn activities in 1943. Typed copies are kept in note book covers and are often used for reference. These are in order from the year 1929 to the present. This year marks the fifteenth anniversary of the Wayside Inn Diary.

Sunday, January 9, 1944 Pleasant

Mr. and Mrs. Andre Cina of Minneapolis, Minnesota, created quite a bit of excitement among the guests when they arrived with their eight-weeks-old twins. The boy, Richard Andre Cina, was bundled in blue and the girl, Rosemary Andrea Cina, identically so in pink. Both babies wore a tiny gold band on their finger tied with blue ribbon. When asked about this Mr. Cina replied that it is custom for new babies in their section of the country to be presented with baptismal rings.

Monday, , January 10, 1944 Pleasant

Roy Benson who graduated from the Boy's School last June was a visitor today and called on friends in the front of the Inn, pantry and kitchen. He also visited the school, farm and other places on the estate. He is a tall, good-looking chap with rosy pink cheeks and avery blue eyes. He looked well in the Marine uniform which he donned ten weeks ago. His "boot" training has been at New Pines, North Carolina.

Tuesday , , January 11, 1944 Partly cloudy

Yesterday morning, Miss Jean Speiser of Life magazine appeared with pencil and notebook to do an article about the Inn; the Longfellow connection in particular. All the afternoon was spent in going over the Tales, especially the passages where the poet describes the Inn. These descriptions will be photographed and captioned in Longfellow's own words. Today Miss Speiser contacted Mr. Henry Wadsworth Longrellow Dana and spent several hours with him at Craigie House. There she saw the original manuscript of the Tales.

Wednesday, January 12, 1944 Pleasant

A distinguished looking luncheon guest this noon was Professor Ernest K. Smith, former Marlboro resident who has spent the last thirty years teaching in the American College called Yen Ching at Peiking, China. "The last time I came to the Inn", said he, "was many years ago when I was trying to get a charter to run a trolley line through here over to Concord." Professor Smith came from China on the last trip of the Gripsholm.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Thursday, January 13, 1944 Pleasant

Mr. Jerry Cooke, photographer for Life magazine left early this morning after making the pictures to be used with Miss Speiser's story. Yesterday Mr. Cooke devoted about ten hours to the work which included photographing the Inn exterior, the barn, old oak trees, bridge of stone and other points mentioned by Longfellow. Inside, he clicked the clock, spinet and the coat-of-arms; in fact all the Longfellow items in the Parlor. He also used some of the school boys as shadows of the characters in the "Tales". Then he crossed the hall to the Bar-room, Old Dining room and Kitchen where a few shots were taken. Altogether the"Life" article should be as complete and interesting as any ever done here.

Friday, January 14, 1944 Pleasant

Recent Visitors

Corporal William L. Reid of Melrose, a Marine who has seen twenty-six months of fighting in the South Pacific.

Captain William E.Ford of Pennsylvania and Captain James L. Hollywood of New Jersey who have joined the staff of doctors at the new Framingham hospital for War Veterans.

Two Royal Naval Oficers expressed much interest in the history of the Inn. Both had read the "Tales" and knew the poem "Mary Had a Little Lamb"from memory. Their names: Thomas A. Woodfield and Norman S. Baxter of Leeds, England.

Saturday, January 15, 1944 Pleasant

The recent death of Ida M. Tarbell brings to mind the fact that Miss Tarbell came to the Inn on several occasions. Her name appears in the Special Guest book under the date of September 10, 1927, but it is certain that she paid the Inn at least one visit since that time.. An account of the author's last illness is given in a New York newspaper "The Villager" from which we quote:

> "Miss Tarbell lapsed into unconsciousness on Christmas eve but, subsequently, at infrequent moments, seemed to showfaint recognition of her surroundings. On one of these occasions her nurse asked her if she had heard any Christmas carolers. Faintly she replied that probably they weren't coming around as in seasons past. Realizing that she had heard none, several voices were assembled by the attendants and a few carols were softly sung in an adjoining room. At the conclusion, Miss Tarbell was asked if there was one she would like to have repeated and she whispered "yes, Hark the Heavenly Angels Sing". As far as her attendants could be certain this was probably her last conscious moment."

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Sunday, January 16, 1944 Pleasant

The house seemed filled today with lovely little boys and girls. It was "children's day". Many came for dinner clinging to the overcoats of their parents. After removing wraps, tall piles of gay colored leggings, scarfs and mittens were seen. Two small boys, strangers, exchanged greetings across the tables in the dining room while sister in her pink, Sunday dress looked on. Later little sister sang a song and a very appropriate one. It was heard in a tiny, faint voice coming from the Parlor . . "Mary had a little lamb, little lamb, little lamb". And in the Parlor too, on the old Sheraton sofa, for a couple of hours this afternoon rested a very young baby in a large open basket. The proud parents left her there, sound asleep, while they partook of their Sunday dinner. Dr. Bell's two grandsons are regular once-a-week visitors. They each have "red" hair and bright, brown eyes. Their chief diversion while waiting for their dinner call, is to read the "funnies" in the Sunday paper. Thus the Inn plays the role of a large home on Sunday with a wonderful family of children therein.

Monday, January 17, 1944 Partly cloudy

Week-end guests leaving today were Lieutenant and Mrs. Herbert S. Dunning, bride and groom. They came Saturday night and registered from Presque Isle, Maine where the groom is stationed. According to the Lieutenant, his superior officer, Colonel Greer, head of Intelligence at Presque Isle recommended the Inn to the couple as an ideal place for a honeymoon.

Tuesday, January 18, 1944 Pleasant

In 1901, Mr. Thomas Lawson, a wealthy man from Boston and interested in horses, sponsored a daily coach trip to the Wayside Inn. Coach left the Hotel Touraine in Boston sometime during the morning and arrived at the Inn in time for lunch. A poster announcing this accommodation hangs in a conspicuous place in the Bar-room. Many guests ordering dinner exclaim over the sign and the mode of travel compared with that of the present day. The last line of the sign reads: "Coach starts on time". This is amusing, particularly in these times. "That's something" said a young man in U. S. Army uniform today. "Its a good idea. Wish all coaches started on time. I remember waiting - - " and he went on to tell of waiting several hours in a railroad station. Mr. Jerry Cooke, photographer of "Life" magazine, upon reading the last line of the poster, related his experience of waiting four hours in a railroad coach on a recent trip. "Just waiting for the old thing to start" he said.

Wednesday, January 19, 1944 Pleasant

Another bride and groom are in the house. They came last evening. The groom,,Lieutenant Harold W. Burns, arrived in Boston from Salt Lake City, Utah yesterday afternoon at 2 o'clock and the wedding ceremony took place at 6 o'clock. He hadn't seen his wife-to-be in fourteen months. It was not supposed to be a hasty, spur-of-the-moment marriage. Plans had been made far in advance. Lieutenant Burns' train was late, the bride caught a bad cold just the day before and the reception turned out to be a large formal affair with the Lieutenant "acquiring a great many relatives in a few minutes time" - as he expressed it. Today Lieutenant and Mrs. Burns are finding the Inn a delightful place for peace and rest and are planning to stay several days.

Thursday, January 20, 1944 Pleasant

Two or three tables were reserved in the dining room this evening for small dinner parties. One of them in the name of Turner, proved to be an engagement party for the daughter of the family. The young man was present as well as Mr. and Mrs. Turner. Both ladies wore gardenias and the dinner table, ready and waiting at the right of the fireplace, took on a festive appearance.

Dancing classes for the Boys School, usually held on Friday evening, were conducted this evening by dancing master, Albert Haynes.

Friday, January 21, 1944 Pleasant

The younger children from the Redstone and Southwest Schools were on their usual schedule this afternoon and appeared at 2 o'clock for their dancing lesson. A relatively large audience witnessed the class including two British flyers. Naturally their light, blue-grey uniforms attracted the attention of the children; particularly of the boys and little eyes were not where they should have been for several minutes! Mr. Haynes was patient, however, and soon all were tending stictly to the business of a quadrille.

Others who watched the dancing class this afternoon were Mr. and Mrs. James W. Elliott of Boston, she the President Emeritus of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. Mr. and Mrs. Elliott were Luncheon guests and afterwards Mrs. Elliott told of meeting Mr. and Mrs. Ford years ago at the home of Mrs. Hendrie in Detroit. It was during a League convention. This years gathering of the League will again be in Detroit, January 28 - 30.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Saturday, January 22, 1944 Pleasant

Inn folk are preparing today for the annual Retreat of the Universalist ministers which opens tomorrow. Extra pies are being baked in the kitchen and two cots have been set up to provide additional sleeping places. Twenty Fraters are expected.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Burns bid the Inn "good-bye" this morning after their few days sojourn and expressed regret that the time had come for their departure. While waiting for a taxi to take them to Mrs. Burns home in Winthrop, the Lieutenant- looking very young and chic in his air-corps uniform- paced the floor in the Bar-room and talked. "I don't know why everyone here has been so nice to us" he said, "we just can't understand it because both Jean and I have such mean dispositions! We both make it a point to say exactly what we think. There's no veneer about us. Thats why we get along so well together." Mrs. Burns gazed into the fire. Then the taxi came and they were off. He to Salt Lake City and from there to parts unknown.

Sunday, January 23, 1944 Pleasant

This was the opening day of the 42nd Annual Retreat of Universalist ministers. A full report, including pictures, will appear in the Diary of a few weeks hence and will be called the "Retreat Supplement". In the meantime a brief account of the Fraters and their meetings will be given. Dr. Robert Cummins and Dr. William Wallace Rose were the first to arrive this afternoon. They were followed shortly by several more Fraters including Dr. John vanSchaick. He, who is one of the oldest and dearest of the group, expressed regret because of the fact that he must return to Washington tomorrow. He would stay for supper this evening, however. The Retreat will miss him very much, also the two members who have passed away during the year . . Drs. Frederick W. Perkins and Lee S. McCollester. Four new men will come to fill vacancies. One of them, Rev. J. A. Parkhurst of Waltham, Mass. arrived late this afternoon just in time to join eight of the ministers at the supper table. During the evening others arrived including Ellsworth C. Reamon of Syracuse, New York recently appointed President of the Universalist Church of America.

Monday, January 24, 1944 Pleasant

The Retreat program had to be revised this morning when Frater Donald Hoyt was called back to his parish to conduct a funeral service. Consequently his paper - "Walt Whitman and his poetry" which was to have been given tomorrow afternoon, was read this morning.

After luncheon, nearly all the ministers started out together for a walk. The Parmenter house was their objective and after seeing it many expressed their interest in its setting and its antiquity.

The afternoon meeting at 4:30 o'clock was a discussion on "What is Happening in Our Parishes" or in other words an exchange of pastoral experiences. In the evening "Gus" Leining gave a book review of Klausner's "From Jesus to Paul" after which the men stayed in the old Kitchen for Evening Devotions. These were conducted by Frater Emerson Hugh Lalone.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Tuesday, January 25, 1944 Partly cloudy

The Retreat is in full swing eith twenty ministers in attendance. The day was spent in about the same way as yesterday - walks and talks. Harmon Gehr replaced Mr. Hoyt at the afternoon session and gave a very good paper on Music. He is the "Ole Bull" of the Retreat with a young, studious face and slightly graying hair. Tonight Frater Gehr treated the Inn family to a fine concert in the large Ball-room with Miss Fisher as accompanist. "The Musician" is pastor of the Universalist church in Philadelphia. From the Ball-room the Fraters adjourned to the old kitchen where Evening Deovtions were held and where strains of music from a violin were again heard. Nothing else, not a whisper. Yet twenty men sat there, around the fireplace listening to the lovely music of Shubert's Ave Maria.

Wednesday, January 26, 1944 Cloudy

After a Communion Service in memory of Dr. Perkins and Dr. McCollester held at the long table in the old kitchen this morning, the Fraters of the 1944 Retreat began their departure. Those going long distances were the first to leave and a delegation of about ten said "good-by" just befor luncheon. The rest, including Dr. Roger Etz, scribe, and Dr. Max Kapp, Prior, remeined for the noon meal. When the Worcester-bound bus stopped in front of the Inn at 2 o'clock, the last group waved farewell. Before departing, however, each and every Frater expressed his appreciation of a very fine time. "It was a good Retreat and as usual the hospitality of the Inn was perfect" said Frater Rose.

Thursday, January 27, 1944 Warm

And as usual after the Annual Minister's Retreat the Inn seems empty. Today we are going from room to room picking up a book here or a chair there, putting it in its accustomed place. The Poet and the Student and the Musician keep appearing. We see them before the fireplace or walking through the hall. Dr. Beach is in a corner of the Washington room rocking in the old Windsor chair - or Douglas Frazier with head tilted back is against two pillows on the old Kitchen settle - or Dr. Lowe is writing post-cards to his parishioners. It will be a day or two before the Inn becomes an Inn again with strangers roaming around. The Fraters make of it a real home. For three days they are the "family" living here.

Friday, January 28,1944 Warm

Such an unusually warm spell as we are having should be recorded. Warm enough to let the Boilers go out last night. School girls are wearing Spring coats. Someone saw a bluebird. Dirt roads are muddly and the thermometer is registering around 60 degrees.

Today the writer of the Diary is going over material left by the Fraters and is writing the "Retreat Supplement" which will be attached to the Diary as soon as pictures are developed and printed.

Saturday, January 29, 1944 Cloudy

Saturday evening is always a bit more gay than other evenings of the week. More people come in for dinner and the Bowkers, bringing their roses, always create a party spirit. Tonight was not exception. Lovely yellow roses were in the Bowker's box and several dinner parties consisting of four or five persons each, were noted. The ladies looked especially pretty and most of the men were in uniform.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Sunday, January 30, 1944 Pleasant, colder

(Note: A slight departure will be made this week from the usual set-up of the Diary. Guests of the week will be reported on the Saturday page.)

LET THINGS GO ON!

(With apologies to William Wallace Rose)

In this time of testing and trial let us maintain our Inn at the peak of its effectiveness -

Let guests come.
Let meals be served.
Let rest and peace await weary travellers.
Let all who keep this house remain faithful to their duties.
Let there be some hardships and tedious work and the saving grace of fun and fellowship.
Let things go on.

Keep the Inn a homing place for those who are away from home;for men and women in the service of our country. Extend a friendly hand. Speak an encouraging word to them and think of them after they are gone. Let the Inn symbolize the best American ideals and traditions. The mighty bulwarks of civilization are built upon such a shrine as this!

Supplement to the Wayside Inn Diary, Week of January 23 - January 29, 1944

42nd UNIVERSALIST RETREAT

Any religious retreat might well be divided into three parts . . . Meditation, Brotherhood and Relaxation. These divisions were fully expressed in the Retreat of Wayside Inn Fraters which opened today, January 23, 1944. Special emphasis was placed upon Meditation. For the first time, a period was set aside on the official program for a "Quiet Hour" (1:30-2:30 P. M.). Max Kapp prepared an eight page manual to be used. One of the first paragraphs begins:

> "Each one bears his cross alone. . each one waits at times in "the wistful Inn of thoughts" . . each one desires powers he does not now possess. By the opening of our souls, we may be enabled to receive. By facing the secret importunities of our spirits, we may turn about and find the huntsman who pursued us is the Gentle Christ".

The Quiet Hour did not overshadow other features of the Retreat. Ample time was allowed for meetings, good fellowship and relaxation. The spirit of Brotherhood prevailed in the welcoming of four "new" men - Rev. R. H. Barber of New Haven, Connecticut, Rev. Charles H. Monbleau of Malden, Mass., Rev. J. A. Parkhurst of Waltham, Mass. and Rev. B. B. Hersey of New York City.

While not unmindful of the vacancies they were filling, the Fraters welcomed the new-comers enthusiastically and happily. They were made to feel at home. They chatted freely and were graciously included in every part of the fellowship. The "Quiet Hour" program suggests that by paying attention to his own spirit, no one should despise or forsake "the wider brother lines which make religion the sharing of bread and beauty".

Bread was shared at the communion service held on Wednesday morning, a memorial service to the two beloved men who passed away during the year, Drs. Frederick W. Perkins and Lee S. McCollester.

Relaxation is always a major part of the Retreat. "A golden opportunity for a man to relax" said Frater Lalone, while another remarked that he began to relax as soon as he stepped on the Bus. On Tuesday evening the Spelling Bee was revived. Frater Reamon introduced Ben Hersey of New York to the ice on Josephine Pond. Here in the picture they are seen on their way, each equipped with a pair of skates.

New Fraters

Rev. R. H. Barber

Rev. C. H. Monbleau

It is hardly necessary to continue further regarding any one aspect of the Fraters program. The traditions of the Wayside Inn Retreat were carried on this year as in previous years - in a noble manner. Those who came forty-two years ago expressed the purpose of the Retreat as they gathered about the fire in the "office". "In turn each told what he expected to gain from the meeting. The answers were, Receptivity to the Divine Will and Life, closer Fellowship, Rest and Relaxation." It was the same forty-two years afterwards. And the same as in 1903 when the Fraters of 1944 departed.

"After dinner the brethren departed,
feeling that the time had been very
profitably spent and that a new,
hearty zest for work had been gained"

Harmon Gehr, the "Ole Bull"
of theRetreat

Monday, January 31, 1944 Colder

(The Cushing Hospital, Framingham, Mass. was recently opened for a few hours to the general public. Several of the Inn family took advantage of this opportunity to see this new retreat for wounded veterans.)

THE CUSHING HOSPITAL

For the last 25 years "The Cushing Hospital" has meant all over the world, where neurosurgery is studied Boston's own Peter Bent Brigham Hospital. There Dr. Harvey Cushing mapped the terra incognita of the brain, traced those subtle pathways of the senses that define its inner boundaries, worked patiently and boldly in that mysterious tissue which somehow contains the mind. There he held the stage in the surgical amphi-theatre, his lean, ascetic face half covered with the operating mask, lightly brushing his gloved fingers together or dipping them into the antiseptic as some unexpected problem arose, toiling often for eight hours at a stretch on a single patient. There he labored and taught and operated and wrote. That used to be "The Cushing Hospital."

But today the formally named Cushing Hospital is in Framingham, stretching its 90 new buildings over 70 acres. Its 1750 beds are ready for the stream of the neurologically wounded soldiers who are even now being eased from hospital cars at the long railroad siding. This is the new monument to the man whose own brain was so precise and tireless that it could sketch the geography of all brains, so that the victims of another world war that he was not to know could be restored to health - - - - - - -

For there is something of his clean austerity in the new Cushing Hospital. There are no frills here, no accents of medical pretension. This is where operations will go on around the clock and half around again, This is where the healing art will be practised with scientific obsession. Here there is no domed rotunda nor glass-walled surgery, no staff rooms in modernistic decor. There is a job to do and here are the tools to dot it with nothing more. This is the Cushing Hospital, a magnificent monument to a great soul.

From Editorial in
Boston Herald, Jan. 29, 1944,

Tuesday, February 1, 1944 Very cold

(Calvin How House fire
December 17, 1943 which
destroyed two dormitories in the East wing
of the house)

Tuesday, February 1 - continued

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Wednesday, February 2, 1944 Pleasant

CHARACTER IN BUSINESS

(The Principals of Honor, Quality, Strength and Service, forming the Foundation of the Rice Leaders of the World Association, always have been identified with the history of this country. Elwood E. Rice, founder and President was a guest at the Inn today.)

Qualifications for Membership:

Honor. A recognized reputation for fair and honorable business dealings.

Quality. An honest product, of quality truthfully represented.

Strength. A responsible and substantial financial standing.

Service. A recognized reputation for conducting business in prompt and efficient manner.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Thursday, February 3, 1944 Pleasant

THE UNSUSPECTING PATRIOT

(The utter nonsense of isolationism or anything resembling the holier-than-thou smugness of the self-sufficient American is exposed in the following humorous bit from the pen of Professor Ralph Linton, University of Wisconsin)

Comes the dawn and the unsuspecting "patriot", clad in pyjamas, a garment of East Indian origin; wakes up with a glance at the clock, a medieval European invention; looks into a mirror, invented by the Egyptians, and shaves, a ritual developed by Egyptian priests. He washes himself with soap, invented by the ancient Gauls, and dries himself with a Turkish towel.

He pulls on garments of silk and wool, much of which is from Japan and Australia, fastens them with buttons which trace back to the Stone Age, puts his feet into leather tanned in the Argentine, ties about his neck a strip of colored cloth which is a survival of shoulder shawls first worn by 17th Century Croats. And so to breakfast.

Before him are wheat products, a native of Asia, served in pottery vessels first known in China, oranges first cultivated in the Mediterranean, coffee from Africa or Brazil, and waffles, originally served in Scandinavia.

He reaches for a piece of moulded felt, first invented by Asiatic nomads, and sprints for this train, an English invention, or a bus running on rubber from Malaya, With coins invented in ancient Lydia he buys a newspaper dated according to a calendar devised by the Egyptians, improved by the Romans, and readjusted by an Italian Pope. He reads the news in letter-characters invented by the ancient Phoenicians, and modified by the Greeks, Romans and medieval scribes, and printed by a process invented in Germany on paper invented in China.

As he scans the terrible news of foreign lands he gives utterance of fervent thanks to a Hebrew God in

continued next page

Thursday, February 3 - continued

language borrowed from the English and Norman-English, that he is an one hundred percent American - the decimal system coming from the Greeks, and the word Americo taken from Amerigo Vespucci, an Italian geographer!

Friday, February 4, 1944 Pleasant

(Excerps from letters received recently from Wayside Inn boys)

"Will you remember me to all the fellows some Friday night at dancing class? Tell them that Private First Class Robert Stone wants to wish them luck during this year. They will need luck, too. The boys are really foolish to join the service before they are out of school. If they do they will never make anything of themselves in the service unless they finish school".

P. F. C. Robert F. Stone

"Would you please thank Mr. Haines for me for all he has done for us boys at the school? When I was on leave at California I went to a U. S. O. dance and with all of Mr. Haines' instruction on courtesy I found it wasn't very hard to get along with the girls. While quite a few of the boys were shy at getting acquainted with the girls because they weren't sure of how to act."

Milton Gagne S 2/c

"I went to a very nice dance to night and had a good time for myself. It was a modern dance (Service men only) and there were plenty of girls to go around. And guess what? We did the barn dance. Now how do you suppose the barn dance got way out here on the west coast?"

Sgt. Ralph Delagrieco

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Saturday, February 5, 1944 Pleasant

GUESTS OF THE WEEK

Both 17 years old

E. B. Glasscock, H.M.S.
Aldershot, England

J. Adamson, H.M.S.
Ipswich, England

Ellwood E. Rice, The Plaza, New York

Eben S. Draper, Hopedale, Mass., son of former Governor Draper of Mass.

Staff Sergeant William Piazik, formerly of the Boys School now of the U. S. Air Corps.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Sunday, February 6, 1944 Very Pleasant

The day was unusually pleasant for this time of year - no snow, the roads clear and the temperature mild. These conditions brought many to the Wayside Inn for dinner. During the afternoon, a party of thirty from the Chaplains School at Harvard University made a tour of the Inn, Mary Lamb School and Chapel. They were good listeners and ex - pressed much enjoyment at being able to see this historic part of New England. Most of them were from western or southern states. Other guests in uniform included Wacs and Waves and two lieutenants who come to the Inn for dinner every Sunday.

Monday, February 7, 1944 Colder

Recently we heard something about Mrs. Calvin Howe; her personality and character. She was our next door neighbor many years ago and lived in the Calvin Howe house, now used as a dormitory for the Boy's School. A letter from Miss Grace Greenwood, 40 Essex Street, Marlboro, describes Mrs. Howe in a charming way -

" My mother," writes Miss Greenwood, " openly admired Mrs. Howe with whom she lived for two years when she was a girl. Mother would now be one hundred and one years old were she living today. She said Mrs. Howe had a beautiful disposition - was always happy and she seemed to have been a splendid influence in Mother's life. She always reminisced happily when we passed the Calvin Howe place. I am sure the Howes would be grateful to know their place is used in helping boys to find their place in the world."

Tuesday, February 8, 1944 Cloudy

In a fox-hole on Guadalcanal, a buddy asked William Piazik whatt he was thinking. "Oh, I was just thinking about having a good meal at the Wayside Inn," replied Bill, now Staff Sergeant Piazik, graduate of the Boy's School. Bill went on to describe the foxhole as "palatial" as he stood in frnt of the Bar-room fireplace on a recent furlough. He is looking well and trim in spite of several months in a hospital with tropical arthritis. Soon he will return to active service and see more of the world. So far, he has been in Hawaii, New Hebrides, and Guadal- canal. His buddies aboard the Bombing plane on which he served were from California, Massachusetts, Tennessee, Kentucky, Maine, Ohio, Wisconsin, Rhode Island, Wyoming and Missouri. Bill was wearing a ribbon for service in the South Pacific area, a ribbon for good conduct, and the air medal ribbon with two bronze oak leaf clusters.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Wednesday, February 9, 1944 Cloudy

Mrs. Jan T. Friio of Cambridge, a national Girl Scout leader, came in for tea this afternoon and then asked if she might sit by our fire and do some writing. Later, she wanted dinner and would then go on to Marlboro to attend an important meeting there. She has been here several times and usually comes alone, but is very friendly. In her becoming green uniform, she sat in the Barroom telling about her work and her many interesting experiences. As she left tonight she said, "Well, see you next week."

Thursday, February 10, 1944 Pleasant

This morning before anyone came, we tried molding candles by the Barroom fire. We used the old tin mold which hangs in the Kitchen. We twisted strands of cotton string for wicks, whittling out sticks to tie them to, and melted up candle ends which have been accumulating around the house. It was a thrilling experience to pull out the completed candles and to discover they really would burn. We put one in the tin sconce in the Barroom and lighted it and after a few splutters it settled down and shone with a beautiful steady flame.

Friday, February,11, 1944 Snow

By nightfall, the Inn grounds were covered by a blanket of snow, six inches deep - the first large snowstorm this year.

Phil Merriman, who has been mentioned before in the diary as being connected with the Tauck tours, braved the wind and snowflakes for a glimpse at the Mary Lamb School. As he returned to the Inn, looking like a snowman, he said,"It was certainly worth the trip but I'm glad to be back near the fire."

Saturday, February 12, 1944 Snow

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Edwards, Jr., of Concord, stopped overnight at the Inn in order to attend the winter sports carnival at the Fay School for Boys in Southboro which is being held today.

Mr. Edwards remarked that he always felt transplanted in the Seventeenth Century when visiting the Inn and told of a similar feeling when staying at an old castle in Scotland, which now accommodates travellers. He much prefers staying in the Seventeenth Century period where one's accommodations occasionally allow a glimpse into a lovely,snow-covered,old-fashioned garden, rather than staying in the Fifteenth Century where the only windows are small slits in a wall, seven feet thick.Therefore, the rooms in the old castle where Mary, Queen of Scots, stayed, lacked the sunshine's warmth and light and our exhilarating New England fresh air.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Sunday, February 13, 1944 Pleasant

Sunshine and a clear blue sky are making fields and highways a dazzling white in their snow blankets. Such a beautiful day brought many people to the Inn, hungry both for good food and good, pure country air.

Mr. Duncan, almost a weekly guest now, was hardly in the house before he went out the front door to take his customary hike up the "Mountain", which he likes best of all the walks around here, he says, because it is so wild. He is always hoping to see a deer.

Dr. Hayden and his wife and son from St. Mark's came for dinner and while she chatted with a lonely sailor boy from the state of Washington in the Parlor, the two men got into their ski clothes and had a wonderful time skiing down the hill opposite Ezekiel Howe House. The tired look had gone from the busy doctor's eyes when he came back, and his tall young son looked as though he, too, had enjoyed the rare privilege of having a whole afternoon with his father.

The shy young sailor also looked more cheerful when he left. Mrs. Hayden had urged him to go to the Y.M.C.A. in Boston. She is a director there and used to talking to boys in the Service. She told us he was lonely because he was above the average type. He said," I have three books, one on Psychology, one of Edgar Guest's poems and "Pride and Prejudice" and no one has ever asked to borrow them!"

Monday, February 14, 1944 Cloudy

A Valentine Dinner Party was held this evening for Mr. and Mrs. Wallace A. Wood, of Marlboro, who were celebrating their fiftieth wedding anniversary. "Yes", said Mr. Wood, with a twinkle in his eye, "we were married on Valentine's Day 'way back in 1894."

Mrs. Jan Friis,,stopped for dinner this evning on her way to another Girl Scout meeting in Marlboro, thereby proving that she meant her call of "See you next week", when leaving after her last visit. Tonight, she deemed it more of a treat to visit the Inn, for her distinguished-looking husband accompanied her.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Tuesday, February 15, 1944 Pleasant

Sgt. Goodwill Post and two other WACs came from Boston to have dinner this evening and if a fourth can be found will come back to spend next Saturday night with us. They did not sign the register, but we knew one was a Southerner by her accent and found out later that she was from Georgia. She was the only one who had not been here before so the others took great delight in showing her the house from attic to cellar.

A small club, a group of nine ladies, arrived on the bus from Marlboro, enjoyed their dinner and the house and went back on the nine o'clock bus. We hear so many people from Marlboro say they have lived there all their lives, have passed the Inn hundreds of times but that this is their first visit. They are always very much interested and so pleased that they made an effort to stop.

Wednesday, February 16, 1944 Pleasant

Mrs. Hartlein brought another group of Navy officers wives from Cambridge to have luncheon and to see the house and grounds. This time there were fifteen and almost every one came from a different state and Mrs. Dahlia Cha from Honolulu, Hawaii. Their husbands are working hard at Harvard and in the meantime the ladies spend some of their spare moments sightseeing.

Another luncheon guest, Mr. Davis, told of a visit to the Genealogical Society to look up the record of an ancestor who served in the Revolutionary War. He found the term "mustering out" used quite frequently which is similar to "leaves" or "furloughs" in the army now; the only difference being that the mustering out plan is a rather go as you please way. For instance, a man would return to his home to do the planting and remain there until he heard of a battle. He would then pick up his gun and rejoin his commander.

Thursday, February 17, 1944 Fair

Two boys, graduates of the Wayside Inn Boys School, came to see us today, Sgt. Albert Verseckes, class of '38, and Carmino Longhi, class of '41. "Iggie" as the boys called Verseckes, has been in the Southwest Pacific area for the past 16 months in the U. S. Marine Corps. As an Aerial Photographer, he saw action at Guadalcanal, Munda, and Rendova. He learned a good deal about photography here at the Boys School which helped materially towards his present rating.His fighter squadron received the Presidential Citation for scoring the highest percentage of Jap planes shot down. Their number of planes shot down was 104, while losing only 7 of their own.

Longhi, always jolly and cheerful, has only been in training a few weeks, and looks very well in his sailor's uniform.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Friday, February 18, 1944 Clear -- Windy

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick C. Keller of Bridgeton, Maine were overnight guests.In April, they are opening an antique shop in West Bridgeton called"The Little Red Schoolhouse" It is the original schoolhouse remodeled to display antiques. He said, "I admire Mr. Ford very much and am trying to ape him in a very small way. I want him ton have first choice of all my things before the opening." He spoke with great enthusiasm about his collection describing many of the pieces in detail as though he were fond of each one. In fact, he said, "I'm not like some - out to make money. They have a lot of sediment but I have sentiment."

The wind rollicked about the Inn grounds today, playing a merry tune to the dancing trees; now,swaying gently in a mild breeze; now,their gaunt arms outstretched in bewildered appeal as the wind increased in volume; now,bending low with a mocking bow as they strained under the wind's full force.

Yet, not even the wind served to diminish the enthusiasm of the boys and girls who gathered at the Inn for the Valentine Dance held by the Boy's School. The ballroom, festively attired in its red and white streamers and gay red hearts, provided a picturesque background for the young ladies' long, swirling skirts. At the close of the "goodnight waltz", many happy faces and merry "goodnights" gave evidence of the success of the Ball.

Saturday, February 19, 1944 Pleasant

Recently, a delightful surprise was in store for all who read an Englishwoman's letter, describing her imaginary visit to the Inn after reading Chamberlain's "Wayside Inn - A Camera Impression"-- a Christmas gift from a frequent visitor, Howard Searles of Marlboro.A quotation of Longfellow's heads the letter: :

" A region of repose it seems,
A place of slumber and of dreams
Remote among the wooded hills."

ans she goes on to say:

" Was it the firelight, was it the shadows flickering on the wall, was it a dream or did my book take me to the Wayside Inn? Thoughts have no past or future, no date or day, when I went I do not know but one evening, with my book in my hand, I went to the "place of slumber and dreams." I remember, I remember, we came to the swinging sign. There it lay before us - that old timbered house, with its bodyguard of grand old trees, trees which could tell many stories. For had they not seen the Poet and his merry company of story-tellers pass by on their way?"

She vividly describes some of the Inn rooms, the Grist Mill and the Schools, and, in conclusion, says that Chamberlain's photographs have taken her to the Wayside Inn as no ship, car, or train could have done.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Sunday, February 20, 1944 Very pleasant

A pewter expert was here today who told of collecting old and broken pewter. He melts it, then molds it into all kinds of "new" things. In the melting process the old pewter, composed of many different ingredients, does not separate. Thus it can easily be molded or spun into new forms. The gentleman took a pewter plate of ours - slightly bent - and worked it back with his hands into its original shape. He was also interested in our candle-making and told us where good wicking could be obtained.

Monday, February 21, 1944 Pleasant

A family of mother, father and two small boys have arrived to spend the holiday; a long anticipated vacation. Little Roger could hardly stand the excitement of being here at last and at dinner time didn't eat some tempting, juicy roast-beef. Consequently he was taken to his room for a much needed rest. In the meantime brother Ted displayed his ability as a cornet player and from the Ball-room came strains of Stephen Foster's "Beautiful Dreamer", the attractive rhythm being played over and over again. Ted also brought games and skates and later on, the whole family including mother and dad, were seen headed in the direction of the Calvin How pond.

Tuesday, February 22, 1944 Pleasant

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

In a desire to take care of numerous guests on a holiday, the Inn family and even the guests themselves are apt to over-look the real significance of the day. And here it should mean more than in other places because usually a holiday commemorates a historical event or person.. Washington stopped here. Perhaps he did not tarry at "Howe's" or have a meal or stay over night, but certainly he alighted from his coach to shake the hand of Colonel Ezekiel Howe and to congratulate the landlord of the "Red Horse" upon his service in the War. The scene often comes to mind as Colonel Ezekiel Howe' s name is mentioned. It is the picture of Washington stepping from his coach at the front door of the Inn. Certainly this event should be brought to the attention of our guests on this - George Washington's Birthday.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Wednesday, February 23, 1944 Very pleasant

A yearly event at the Wayside Inn is the sight of the first little white "snow-drop" poking its head through the leaves under the old kitchen window. Today marks the first appearance of the snow-drop for this season. The gardener, the house-man, the hostesses, the girls from the pantry, all looked though the tiny window panes to view our first announcer of Spring.

Thursday February 24, 1944 Warm

The compliments we like to hear best are those we are not supposed to hear! In other words, we enjoy more the favorable remarks of our guests made beyound hearing distance. Today, however, a pleasing remark was heard - shall we say by mistake? At any rate, one of the hostesses overheard Mr. Lester talking to his wife in the hall - and this is what he said. "You know, my dear, I don't feel as if I should pay my bill there's such a home-like atmosphere here".

Friday, February 25, 1944 Very pleasant

"Don't try to remember my name" said a guest today -"just remember that I will be back again". The gentleman put on his hat and was nearing the door when he handed us his card. No wonder he thought the name was difficult to remember! He is Paul H. Schoepflin, President of the Niagara Blower Company in Buffalo, New York. Mr. Schoepflin said earlier that he thought he had been into every nook and corner of New England, but he had never been to the Wayside Inn before. "It's great. I love it . . and don't forget I'm coming back again!" These were the final words of our guest with the hard name to remember.

Saturday February 26, 1944 Partly cloudy

This past week has been vacation week in practically all the schools in and near Boston. This has made additional business - especially with children coming for dinner with their parents or in small groups to see the house. One day a little company of Girl Scouts brought a picnic lunch and after a tour through the Inn, opened their picnic boxes near the Mary Lamb School house. The weather was warm enough for an out-door lunch. Another day the Director at Promeroy House - a Settlement house in Newton, brought six girls from the cooking class for a visit. It was like "old times" to see groups of children around and they were particularly delighted to find a very new baby goat in the Smithy barn.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Sunday, February 27, 1944 Cloudy

Longfellow's Birthday

Mt. Auburn Cemetery in Cambridge, was not covered with its usual blanket of snow today. The simple stone which marks Longfellow's grave stood cold and austere against a gray horizon. Nevertheless, a peaceful warmth prevailed as we walked along the ridge to the familiar lot. Longfellow's is a modest monument. It stands simple and unobtrusive among hundreds. Many near it are larger, more elaborate. But here is a marker which the poet himself would have chosen. One name identifies it to everyone - "Longfellow". We laid a wreath in front of it as is the custom each year; a wreath made of wild green foliage from "Sudbury town".

Monday, February 28, 1944 Cloudy

It has been sometime since any amusing remarks have been heard concerning the history of the house. When guests were frequenting the house by the hundreds, a funny story could be told almost every day. Recently, however, a guest who appeared quite interested, was following a hostess through the house. She asked the proverbial question. "How old is the house?" After being told that it is two hundred and fifty-eight years old, she asked, "And has Mr. Ford owned it all that time?"

Tuesday, February 29, 1944 Cloudy

On a recent day set aside in Melrose, Massachusetts, as the "Woman's Day of Prayer", a talk was given in which our Mill was used in illustration. The speaker said that prayer was like the water going over a mill wheel. It was set in motion by an outside force and went on creating activity and setting other forces in motion. He said that a great many people made the mistake of thinking that a prayer is just a petition and nothing more.

Wednesday, March 1, 1944 Colder

Pussywillows. another sign of Spring -(Snowdrops have been mentioned,. Miss Cleveland, guest, found some today behind a stone wall on the Framingham Road. Miss Jouannet heard of the discovery and promptly went to the same spot herself.Mrs. Jouannet- very fond of pussywillows - will have some for her birthday day after tomorrow.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Thursday, March 2, 1944 Cold

March has "come in like a lion", with the thermometer reading within ten degrees of zero and a strong, typical March wind blowing.

Twenty girls from the Dennison factory of Marlboro met after their days work tonight to have dinner together. They arranged for a table in our old dining room, where all enjoyed the party thoroughly. Later, a tour of the Inn provided an added treat and many expressed the wish that they might come again soon.

Friday, March3, 1944 Cloudy

Ever since just before Christmas-time, like a snowball gathering momentum, cards and letters have been drifting in from our Wayside Inn school boys, now in the service. Before this avalanche threatens to overflow its box behind the Bar, we are contemplating writing one letter of interest to all. We hope to send letters from time to time with news of the Inn and other activities about the Estate.

Saturday, March 4, 1944 Partly Cloudy

Present day travel gives us a jolt in more ways than one, particularly its speed as compared with the slow, tedious means of getting from place to place a hundred years ago. We who live in this old time Inn were amazed to hear from a guest his interesting story of speed. The gentleman left Kingston, Jamaica, in the British West Indies on Monday noon. He arrived in New York Tuesday morning and proceeded to do a good day's business. Tuesday evening he dined in Boston with a friend. The friend is a frequent guest at the Inn and this noon brought his dark complexioned business associate here for luncheon.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Sunday, March 5, 1944 Pleasant

The lovely white Martha-Mary Chapel gleamed and shone in the afternoon sunshine as a bride and groom entered to be married there. March's proverbial wind whistled and caught the bride's veil in its traces. But within, all was quiet except for soft strains of organ music. Over one hundred friends and relatives were present to witness the ceremony which made Weston L. Browning and Eleanor Bowbly husband and wife. Afterwards, the wedding guests adjourned to the Inn ballroom where a reception was held and refreshments served. The bride was a Marlboro girl and the groom a Navy man.

Monday, March 6, 1944 Pleasant

A wedding breakfast of several years ago was recalled to mind recently when Major and Mrs. Byron Bizot arrived with two small boys. They registered from Louisville, Kentucky and told of coming here after their wedding ceremony in 1937. They were served in the Old Kitchen; a room which now holds many pleasant memories. Both expressed pleasure in being here again and for having the opportunity of showing their children the Inn.

Tuesday, March 7, 1944 Rain

It is cheering to hear someone whistle. Most people are in a quiet, sober mood these days. But our house guest, a young lieutenant, has cheered us through this cold, dark day with a cheery, gay whistle. He whistles upstairs and downstairs, and has a beaming smile when he enters the room. He is pale, however and thin. He is on "sick leave". Another officer, this one in the Navy is also here on "sick leave". His name is Domac and he was born in Yugoslavia. He learned a little English and when in England was asked to lecture about his native country. "I can lecture, but I cannot teach", said this dark complexioned young man with a pronounced European accent. He is interested in agriculture - and a lovely English wife, acquired recently. Both are charming and have met the other house guests, the whistling lieutenant and his wife. The four are staying a few days.

Wednesday, March 8, 1944 Cold

Keen' s Chop House in New York is often mentioned when guests notice the two long-stemmed clay pipes in our pipebox. Keen's Chop House is famous not only for chops, but for clay pipes. Years ago, the custom was established of each guest owning his own pipe and having it numbered. He would go to Keen's and call for his pipe - not by name, but by number. When the customer died, the pipe would automatically pass on to his son with still the same number. The custom is, however, for the next in line to break off a piece of the stem, thus giving him a fresh mouthpiece. Some pipes at Keen's have survived several generations. Dr. Haney, guest, told of his particular pipe. It originally belonged to his grandfather.

Thursday, March 9, 1944 Partly cloudy

One of the nicest gestures of zppreciation was displayed by our friend the "whistling Lieutenant" as he prepared to leave the Inn. He wrote in pencil on a rather large sheet of note-book paper this message and left it in his room.

"To --

Everyone in the Wayside Inn who helped make our stay here the most wonderful time we have had in our lives and our honeymoon a success - we extend our heartfelt thanks.

Lt. and Mrs. Vance Carlson"

Friday, March 10, 1944 Pleasant

Chief Officer Domac of the Merchant Marine, formerly of Yugoslavia, is still here with his attractive wife, formerly of Coventry, England. They are charmed with the Inn and have practically fallen in love with the surrounding country. So fascinated have they become with this particular location, that they want to build a house here. Real estate agents have been consulted and a piece of land of about five acres is being considered. Mr. Domac plans to do some farming. Both are thrilled with the prospects of making their future home in Sudbury. The Inn, we think, was a source of inspiration for their happy plans.

Saturday, March 11, 1944 Warmer

Mr. Duncan's favorite walk is to the top of Mt. Nobscot. From the Fire Tower he can see Mt. Wachusett and on an especially clear day, Mt. Monadnock in New Hampshire. Mr. Duncan recommends this "walk" to other guests who inquire: "where shall we go for a good walk?" Nearly every week-end Mr. Duncan is here and just as

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Saturday, March 11 - continued

often he gives directions for the hike up the mountain. This week-end three professors (women) from Wellesley College took Mr. Duncan's advice. They returned with large bunches of pussy-willows.

Sunday, March 12, 1944 Pleasant

This was not officially the first day of Spring but the first day with a feeling of Spring in the air. The thermometer reached 60 degrees. Red-wing blackbirds have been seen and in the Smithy barn two tiny lambs are huddled close to their mother's warm fleece. Because of the Spring-like atmosphere, the day brought several hundred guests to the Inn; most of the men in khaki and in navy blue. Feminine guests suggested Spring by their light colored dresses and flowery hats. The dining room was more festive than usual with a rose on every table provided by Mr. and Mrs. Bowker. In the front of the house, large bouquets of pansies were contributed by Miss Fisher.

Monday, March 13, 1944 Rain

A steady drizzle all day made the house dark and gloomy. Madame Howe was cheerful, however. She wanted to make candles. "A good day to do it", she said. So the large candle mold, which makes two dozen tapers, was brought forth from the old Kitchen. All the women folk gathered 'round and waited for the old candles to melt in a pot over the fire. In the meantime, two dozen wicks were cut and strung from slender rods. These were placed over the molds. Then the wicks were pulled through the hollow tubes and tied at the bottom in a knot. Next the tallow was poured into every mold. Madame Howe used a small pitcher for this purpose and gave everyone a turn at pouring. Then the candles were left to harden. After a time the molds were warmed again. (A cloth, dipped in hot water was placed around the molds). At last the candles were pulled up and out. And what nice looking candles! The Madame was modest and declared they were not as well shaped as others she had made. Too, she could do better next time. But the Inn folk were satisfied that this dismal day had been spent in a profitable way.

Tuesday, March 14, 1944 Very pleasant

Today came the first answer to the letter sent out to our Wayside School boys in the service. As explained in a previous diary, the letter was typed and several carbon copies made. As a matter of fact, about twenty copies were mailed. The first answer came from Sgt. Stephen F. Gooch, Camp Robinson, Arkansas. He writes: "Speaking for myself, I enjoyed your circular letter. It was thoughtful of you to do this and I don't

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Tuesday, March 14 - continued

mind telling you that I got a great deal of pleasure from it. I hope that the others got as much enjoyment from the letter as I did." This is encouraging and plans are underway for the same type of letter to be mailed once a month.

Wednesday, March 15, 1944 Stormy-snow

Our good friend Mrs. Bowker is ever thoughtful of the Inn and recently sent a clipping from the New York Herald-Tribune. It is a poem written by Longfellow about the Monastery on Monte Cassino, Italy; the Monastery unavoidably destroyed a few weeks ago by our armed forces. The poem is twenty-one verses long, the most striking stanza is one in which the poet anticipates the present World conflict. Longfellow describes his visit to the Monastery in detail and after talking late into the night with one young friar, he goes to his cell, falls asleep, then wakes to behold the scene on which Saint Benedict had often gazed:

"Gray mists were rolling, rising, vanishing;
The woodlands glistened with their
jewelled crowns;
Far off the mellow bells began to ring
For matins in the half-awakened towns.

The conflict of the Present and the Past,
The ideal and the actual in our life,
As on a field of battle held me fast,
Where this world and the next world
were at strife."

Thursday, March 16, 1944 Cloudy

This was another dark, dull day after yesterday's belated snow storm. The mail, however, brought forth some bright messages. Mr. Duncan, the week-end guest who delights in long walks, wrote from New York that he had neglected to make an important report on his last visit. While walking he encountered a flock of 70 large Canada geese in a field down the road. "When I approached", said Mr. Duncan, "they flew off with a great honking to the northeast." The second letter was from Dr. Banford of Utica, New York who writes: "If the roads are not too bad, will you please have 'Ole Bull' room ready for me on the night of March 25th to stay until the 29th? I've been really busy and I'm tired. It will be nice to be at the Inn again."

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Friday, March 17, 1944 Pleasant

Word came today that Life Magazine will publish the Wayside Inn story in next week's issue. Miss Speiser writes that " the pictures we used are lovely". Naturally, we are anxiously awaiting the finished story. Copies are being sent from "Life" in New York which will arrive on the 24th or 25th of March.

Saturday, March 18, 1944 Cloudy

Hikers, numbering about twenty five, took a train from Boston to Sudbury this afternoon and from the Sudbury station walked to the Wayside Inn. They came by way of back country roads and arrived in time for tea or dinner. Some felt hungry enough to have both! They were members of the Appalachian Mountain Club. This is a more or less annual affair with a different "hike" planned each time. All were in high good spirits as they prepared to return home on the bus.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Sunday, March 19, 1944 Very Cold

Our old wooden pipe box received a bit of attention today. One of the guests admired it, then told of pipe boxes being used in old Quaker meeting-houses. He said that a pipe box was usually placed at the end of each pew. When the church-goer entered, he put his pipe in the upper part of the box for safe keeping during the service. In the drawer of the box he dropped a little tobacco. This was his contribution towards the minister's supply. We have heard of food and lodging being provided in payment for the services of a parson. But never tobacco! Of course, the pipes smoked in that day were of the long-stemmed, church-warden variety.

Flocks of large, fat robins were seen around the Inn today; particularly in the fields and meadows. A flock of about a dozen blue-birds was also seen.

Monday, March 20, 1944 Snow

Were blue-birds and robins mentioned? Where are they now? These harbingers of Spring must be heading South again as the most severe snowstorm of the season falls gently and quietly. What a surprise this morning, to find the ground covered with a deep white blanket! All day long the snow has been piling up to the tops of stone walls and rail fences. The Inn looked warm and comfortable in its Winter dress as we approached. Inside, there was gaiety and laughter. Little Ralph Sennott with his sister and cousin, after playing in the snow, came in to get warm. Wet, snow covered garments were hung by the fireplace and chairs drawn near. A happy group of Inn-ers to enjoy the storm in this cozy fashion; more lucky than our feathered friends in finding a comfortable shelter.

Tuesday, March 21,1944 Cold

The walls of the Old Dining Room this evening echoed back the refrain " Happy Birthday to you, dear Dorothy and dear Ethel", as a crowd of eight girls from Marlboro and Hudson celebrated the joint birthdays of two of their group. Their gaiety was so spontaneous that when the birthday cake was brought in, two solitary chaplains, who were also in the dining room, were invited to share in the treat. After dinner, the gaiety continued as the entire group went from one room to another - upstairs and down. Their laughter, ringing out in the clear, cold air, could still be heard in the Inn, as they stood in the crisp snow a - waiting their bus.

Wednesday, March 22, 1944 Pleasant

Mr. and Mrs. Weston [illegible]. Browning whose wedding took place in the Martha-Mary Chapel, Sunday, March 5, 1944.

Thursday, March 23, 1944 Cloudy - Rain

Seaman 1st Class Eddie Tompkins, formerly of the Boys School, returned today to say Hello'. He described his last Christmas dinner. It consisted of a Spam sandwich. Action was too lively there in the Pacific near Bouganville for a turkey and the 'fixings. The boys didn't miss their Christmas dinner entirely, however. Eddie said it was served a week later and tasted just as good.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Friday, March 24, 1944 Partly Cloudy

Today a letter came from a Mr. Crosby asking if we could help with plans for his daughter's wedding. It is to be held in July. This, of course, is not an unusual request, but the reply will contain an unexpected surprise. Mr. Crosby states that the bride-to be is a lineal descendant of the Wayside Inn Howe family "and the Inn appeals to all of us". He goes on to inquire if there is a nearby church in which the couple could be married. The surprise, of course, is the fact that our own lovely Martha Mary Chapel will be available for the ceremony.

Saturday, March 25, 1944 Very Pleasant

How do we discover these honeymoon couples who are coming to the Inn just now in rather large numbers? Usually by a freshly picked orchid pinned to the dress of the young lady. And most of them are very young these days, with their newly acquired husbands in uniform. Tonight, a particularly pretty girl arrived with the proverbial orchid and the man in uniform. She has deep, brown eyes and a clear olive complexion also a beautiful smile. Lucky was he, the ensign, who will soon be taking off for foreign parts.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Sunday, March 26, 1944 Pleasant

This first Sunday of Spring 1944 cannot be better recognized than by the following poem written after a visit to the Inn by Mr. John Randerson of Diamond Point, New York .

"Spring has come to New England!
(And other things as well,
She rubs her eyes and stretches,
Comes fraily from her cell.

The robin and the bluebird
Are viewed with happy heart,
As round the buds and crocuses
The bees swoop in and dart.

The Wayside Inn still greets one
The door swings soft and wide,
The friendly smiles and fireplaces
Warm up the rooms inside.

And one may stop and rest here
And find refreshments too
As coaches of a by-gone time
Were wont and glad to do.

It's good here in New England!
This happy time of year.
When buds burst forth
And robins sing
And the Wayside Inn stands near."

Monday, March 271944 Cloudy

A recent guest spoke of attending a Friends gathering at the Quaker Meeting House in Cambridge, opposite Longfellow's home. He remarked on the simplicity of a service which had no pulpit and no leader. In place of an altar, stood a large fireplace in which huge logs burned brightly. As the Friends congregated, every eye was drawn to the fire which put each individual in a contemplative mood. It is the custom for silence and meditation to reign until someone wishes to express his thoughts aloud. One Friend arose to speak of the three periods of man's life; the Age of Credulity, wherein as children, we believe without doubting and the Age of Incredulity, wherein we question before accepting. These two phases eventually lead to that of Faith wherein we accept completely.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Tuesday, March 28, 1944 Windy

The tranquillity of this old Inn received a jolt this afternoon when seventy-five boys in khaki came thundering into the Bar-room. The officer in charge said "shh - ",just like giving an Army order and all were suddenly quiet. Then the history of the house was explained and a tour conducted through the Old Kitchen to the Parlor. Here the boys relaxed and volunteered the information that they were members of the Air Corps, soon to be graduated from a training school at Harvard. "We're on our way back to Cambridge from Westover Field", they said. Two large busses waited without, but before the boys boarded them they paused on the front step of the Inn to sing the Army Air Corps song. This was indeed a thrilling, historical moment. Imagine seventy-five strong, male voices, well trained, rising in perfect harmony to "Off we go into the wide blue yonder, climbing high into the sky". Yes, their voices rang high into the clear Spring sky and over the hills of Sudbury to the very summit of Mr. Nobscot. For a few minutes this was no longer a region of repose. Seventy-five trim, young fighting men had brought War to the very doorstep of Longfellow's Wayside Inn.

Wednesday, March 29, 1944 Partly cloudy

A small book with an attractive pink jacket has come through the mail from Mrs. Pearl R. McGown. She is well known in this locality for her hooked rugs, especially old rug designs and their history. Mrs. McGown published "The Dreams Beneath Design" in 1939 and has presented the book in appreciation of "happy memories of the Inn". The book is filled with illustrations of rug patterns. The story of how they originated and materials used, is told in a chatty, friendly way. Mrs. McGown has made her knowledge valuable to all interested in these early floor coverings.

Thursday, March 30, 1944 Rain

Many old friends of the Inn are doing new kinds of work during these War days. They tell us of working in munitions plants or starting Victory gardens or spending several hours a day helping in the Red Cross. Today Mrs. William E. Austill, who in pre-War days conducted Friendship Tours, announced her War time job. It is lecturing. She calls her program "Books for Such an Hour as This" and her subjects are deep. For instance "The Religious Foundations of Political Liberty".

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Friday, March 31, 1944 Cold, windy

There is a tinge of green to the grass. Mr. Davieu is raking leaves from around the lilac bushes.

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Reservations are coming in daily for dinner on Easter Sunday. One young lady writes from Wellesley College: "Please reserve a table for eight.

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Dancing classes for the younger children were again postponed this afternoon, due to whooping cough and colds.

Saturday, April 1, 1944 Very pleasant

An engagement "shower" held at the Inn last Fall resulted this afternoon in the first double wedding to be held in the Martha-Mary Chapel. The two couples were Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Adams and Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Adams; the grooms being brothers. They came from Waltham with the minister of the First Parish Church in Wayland, Rev. J.M. Fogelsong, who performed the ceremony. Miss Fisher played the organ as the two couples stood before the altar. Only the immediate families were present and adjourned after the service to the Inn where a wedding dinner was served. Sixteen were seated at one long table in the old dining room.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Sunday, April 2, 1944 — Partly Cloudy

This was a day of days with guests streaming into the house from noontime through the evening. Many familiar names were carried to the Pantry on meal slips; Dr. Bell, the Purdys, Mrs. Fiske, Mr. and Mrs. Porter with the French family, Mr. Ambler with a party of six, and Mr. and Mrs. Knudson. Many others were of the Army and Navy, including two Commanders and one Colonel. Two Waves and a Spar spent a long day here and two men of the Royal British Navy were seen among the sight-seers.

Monday, April 3, 1944 — Very Pleasant

"If you had been in the War as long as I have, you would appreciate a place like this", remarked a good-looking lieutenant, as he spoke to a hostess yesterday afternoon. Then he turned to his wife and asked,"Shall we skip Portland?" The wife answered in the affirmative and arrangements were made for a stay here of three or four days. The couple returned today and have been assigned the Garden room. They are Lt. and Mrs. Gray L. Carpenter of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania; he, having a month's sick leave from the Navy.

Tuesday, April 4, 1944 — Pleasant

Over twenty years ago, a little boy of three tried to push his way through the little gate gate which swings open on the path to the Grist Mill. His struggles were interrupted by a wasp which came from an opening in the stone wall and stung him on the face. He ran crying to his mother. Tonight, young Private Howie arrived again with his mother for dinner, saying," I always wanted to come back and see if that gate would still be hard to push."

Wednesday, April 5, 1944 — Partly cloudy

On the front page of a recent Boston Globe the story is told of one Lieutenant Gurney in charge of a Post Exchange somewhere in Great Britain. He is a Vermonter and has adorned his store with signs which well might have come from a Vermont General store. The fellows call it "Tom's Store". Tom is Lieutenant Thomas W. Gurney, Jr. a native of Burlington, Vermont - and guest at the Wayside Inn four or five months ago.

Thursday, April 6, 1944 — Very pleasant

Mrs. Colby, house guest, walked along the Framingham road this afternoon and returned with sprays of pussy willows, juniper and other greens. These she arranged in a pewter pitcher in an artistic fashion. Art is Mrs. Colby's business. She owns and operates the Vesper George School of Art in Boston, founded by her father the late Vesper George.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Friday, April 7, 1944 Pleasant

A gift of some "Portland Star" matches has come through the mail from a Mr. Ben Proctor of Wakefield, Mass. Mr. Proctor writes that the matches can hardly be called antiques. They were used when he was a boy and he was born in 1866. The matches came in bunches and Mr. Proctor said he used to pay ten cents for three bunches. He ends the letter in this way. " A card of matches is a very small gift, but it may recall to Mr. and Mrs. Ford and some of your elderly patrons, the match box that was in their mother's kitchen."

Saturday, April 8, 1944 Rain

The Easter decorations will be simple. A few potted plants including lilies have been placed around the house. In the Parlor, under Longfellow's picture and in the window of the old dining room, green leaves from the Euonymus bush have been used as a background for colorful spring blossoms. The scent of hyacinths fills the air and tall lilies and tulips express the loveliness of the Easter season. Several hundred guests are expected to partake of our Easter Sunday dinner.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Sunday, April 9, 1944 Pleasant

Easter

The weather is an important factor on Easter Sunday. The ladies peer out the window to ask. " rain or shine"? The weather determines whether or not a new Easter hat shall be worn. Now, of course, we are speaking of normal times; normal conditions. This year the Easter season is saddened by thoughts of War. A new Easter hat, evidently, was not the primary concern of our lady guests to-day. Very few new hats were seen, in spite if the fact that the day was bright and warm. Several Easter bunnies appeared in the arms of our smaller guests but, generally speaking, there was not the usual display of Easter finery. A sombre note in dress and mood prevailed.

Monday, April 10, 1944 Partly Cloudy

Among Easter guests was Sergeant C.B.Deitch, a member of the Waacs, who has been stationed in Boston for sometime. During her New England stay, Mrs. Deitch has visited the Inn several times, both for meals and to stay overnight. She gave a glowing account of the Inn to a gentleman friend, Sgt. J. Greenswalt. The Sergeant was none too enthusiastic about coming here."Why should I go there", he asked."There's nothing to see; nothing to do". But he was finally persuaded by Mrs. Deitch to join her here for the Easter week-end. To make a long story short, Mr. Grennswalt came, saw and was completely conquered by the Inn. He was loud in his praises when he left. He turned to his friend and to a hostess and, with an elaborate bow, said."My apologies, girls. It's a great place!"

Tuesday, April 11, 1944 Very Pleasant

A small package arrived recently from Mr. Elmer Green of Yonkers, New York. In the letter which accompanied the gift, Mr. Green says.

" Herewith I send you those two gunflints of mine, also three Indian wasters or fragments of stone implements. The wasters may possibly serve better than a fully fashioned flint in one device or another. I found them, I think, on a plowed field in Iowa, long ago. The gun flints I bought on North Harvard Street in Baltimore some time ago. You might be able to shape the wasters by striking or knapping to serve a special purpose.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Wednesday, April 12, 1944 Rain

For the past three or four weeks, Professor and Mrs. Erwin Schell have made the Inn a haven of refuge; he, from strenuous duties as head of the Department of Business Administration- Massachusetts Institute of Technology - and she, from the cares of a large family household. They are coming here once a week to spend a night and a day. "Mrs. Schell must rest while I work",said the professor, as he started upstairs with briefcase in hand."Then, when we get back to Cambridge, I'll loaf and Mrs. Schell will work!" Our guess is that both will work. Their household consists of four generations. Mrs. Schell's mother, a daughter whose husband is overseas, and a very young great grandchild. Professor Schell is well known to the Inn family as founder and leader of the "Waysiders", a group of professional men who come to the Inn once a month during the winter for an evening of good food and good talk.

Thursday, April 13, 1944 Fair

This evening a guest arrived, all the way from Fairhaven, Massachusetts. He came an hour earlier than the time set for the annual meeting of the Hudson Savings Bank, for he wanted to walk in the woods and "get the feel of Spring",he said. The forty-three "bankers" wandered about the house in groups of threes and fours until the appointed time and then filed into the large dining room where the banquet tables, dressed in their Spring finery of lovely jonquils, waited expectantly. An after-dinner speech was given on banking and the speaker illustrated his talk by means of large charts which hung near by. Another speaker, in a lighter vein, completed the evening's entertainment.

Friday, April 14, 1944 Fair and Windy

The program of old-fashioned dance music presented on the radio every Saturday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Ford has aroused considerable interest among our guests. At least several have spoken enthusiastically of hearing again the olf familiar tunes, so well known when they were young. They like, too, Mr. Lovett's part in "calling off". Some have asked about the instruments; their names and age. The Sunday evening service from the Martha-Mary Chapel has also received much favorable comment.

Saturday, April 15, 1944 Rain

Today, Rollin Galster saw the Inn for the first time. Rollin is about fourteen years old. When a baby, he was left at home while fond parents spent a day or two at the Wayside Inn. Ever since then, Rollin has been well schooled in the history of this famous house."Someday we shall take you there",promised mother Galster. Today, in spite of a cold April drizzle, the promise was fulfilled. Rollin and his mother and father came all the way from Scotia, New York. Rollin saw everything, even the baby lambs in the barn. Then he returned to a cheery fire on the hearth and luncheon in the old dining room.

Sunday, April 16, 1944 Rainy

Today a surprise was in store when Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Mumma who were married in our Martha-Mary Chapel on April 19, 1942, looked through the Scrapbook of Brides and found snapshots of their wedding that they had never seen. This was their first visit here since the event, having lived in both Philadelphia and Hartford, Connecticut since that time, and they called today's visit to the Inn their anniversary celebration.

Monday, April 17, 1944 Rainy

Anyone who had visited the Wayside Inn today would surely have known that Spring Vacation was here. All day long the house echoed to the young voices and eager feet of children, whose eyes grew big with wonder at the mere prospect of seeing the baby goats and lambs in the Smithy barn. Among the train of young visitors, ranging from three to eleven years of age were Nancy and Tommy Haskett, all the way from Parsonson, Kansas and young Michael and Ann Cristian from nearby Framingham.

Tuesday, April 18, 1944 Very pleasant

April 18th marks the anniversary of Paul Revere's ride. Every school child knows the lines, "On the eighteenth of April in seventy-five". And he is puzzled when very young, to have the event celebrated on April 19th, the day of the battle. The ride actually began the previous evening. So on this April 18th one hundred and sixty-nine years later, Longfellow's immortal description from the Tales of a Waside Inn is revived.

"The fate of a nation was riding that night".

Wednesday, April 19, 1944 Pleasant

A ghost, a soldier-like apparition haunted the Inn all through this holiday of April 19th, 1944. It was the spirit of Colonel Ezekiel Howe. Not garbed in navy blue with gold braid nor in army kahki was he, but in plain, neutral homespun. Yet our guest had a decided military bearing, shoulders thrown back and head held high with a determination in his eye which be-spoke that April day in 1775 when the Colonel, with two companies of men, ran from Sudbury to Concord. Twelve miles in two hours' time, the

continued next page

Wednesday, April 19 - continued

records say. Today, however, the Revolutionary landlord of the Wayside Inn found in his old home an atmosphere of peace. As he wandered among happy school children who were exclaiming over primitive cooking utensils and woooden dishes, his expression changed. Instead of grim determination a look of kindliness and affection appeared on the chalk white face. Was this symbolic? Men are still at War. They destroy and tead down. Yet Ezekiel Howe's tavern goes on. It softens and calms the spirit of those who enter.

Thursday, April 20, 1944 Pleasant

Twelve wounded war veterans filed into the Bar-room one by one. First came a boy on crutches, then a chap with a bandaged foot. All were pale and in a solemn, quiet mood. One Private volunteered the information that he came from Oregon and that his mother ran an antique shop there. Another told of living in Vermont and of making candles in a candle mold. Most of these boys, however, were from homes in the state of Massachusetts and are now recuperating in the new hospital at Framingham after Guadalcanal and Italy. Yesterday a sergeant telephoned asking if he could bring a group of patients. Today he announced as the boys went through the Inn - "I'll be bringing more groups quite regularly".

Friday, April 21, 1944 Cloudy

Miss Fisher has received two charming song books for children. They are called "New Music Horizons". Book One contains a beautiful illustration for the poem and song of "Mary Had a Little Lamb". Itis a colored picture and was used with the permission of Mr. Ford to whom proper acknowledgement is made in the front of the book. This was selected by the Institute of Graphic Art for the Sixth Annual Text book Exhibit. Book Two is just as attractive as the first. Both are published by the Silver Burdett company and sent to Miss Fisher with the compliments of Mr. Charles E. Griffith, vice-president.

Saturday, April 22, 1944 Partly cloudy

On this day's page of the Register book is the name of R.L. Thompson in large, unsteady letters. The hand-writing of a child, you would guess. But no, it is the signature of a man totally blind; a young man in his twenties who has lived in darkness ever since childhood. Now he is a teacher at the famous Perkins Institution for the Blind. This we learned as a friend and a hostess guided him through the Inn. Although blind, Mr. Thompson's face was lighted with eagerness and enthusiam. His smile was an inspiration.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Sunday, April 23, 1944 Partly cloudy

It is gratifying indeed to see certain young men and women of the armed forces making a point of visiting the literary and historic shrines of New England. It is gratifying to us to be able to further their knowledge and to be of some assistance to them in this way. For instance there was a soldier today from Indianapolis who received a thrill when he discovered on the Paul Revere print of the Boston Massacre the name ~~of~~"Crispus Attucks". Attucks was a colored man killed in the fray. "We have a school for colored children back home called the "Crispus Attucks School!" exclaimed the soldier, "but I never knew why it was called that!" Then there was an attractive Wave who surprised us by asking for a book on old furniture. "I'm trying to learn something about New England antiques", she said. The Wayside Inn library furnished her with several good reference books and she derived pleasure as well as knowldege from them.

Monday, April 24, 1944 Rain

While it is always a pleasure to greet new and unfamiliar guests, it is, perhaps, more of a pleasure to meet old ones. Therefore the week-end was made happier by the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Robert King who stayed over Saturday and Sunday nights. Their home is in New Canaan, Connecticut from which they have come many times to stay in the "Garden" room. This time they found "their" room freshly papered and painted.

Tuesday, April 25, 1944 Cloudy

The Catholic world is in mourning for William Cardinal O'Connell whose death occurred in Boston last Saturday, April 22nd. And it ~~sis~~ indeed a coincidence that on April 22nd nine years ago, the Cardinal visited the Wayside Inn. Our special guest book records his signature on April 22, 1935. The Cardinal had visited the Inn on several occasions; a gracious kindly soul, a lover of history and the arts and beloved in Boston as a public spirited citizen and benefactor. His name shall be cherished in the history of the Wayside Inn.

Wednesday, April 26, 1944 Cloudy

Word has come from Stanley Farr, graduate of the Boys School in '39, that he is in the Aleutian area and finds life there pretty dull. The one bright spot in the letter was Stan's description of his finding pictures of the Inn in a recent "Life" magazine. "I enjoyed the pictures quite a bit", he said, "because they brought back some very pleasant memories."

Thursday, April 27, 1944 Cloudy

The President of Emerson College, Boston enjoyed looking through the special guest book this afternoon and finding therein the names of many friends and acquaintances. This was not surprising. Harry Seymour Ross has been a teacher for forty-seven years. In that time he has met most of the men and women prominent in the field of education. He worked his wow~~a~~way through college, then taught in a small private school. Later he became a teacher at Emerson. Now, as President, he has full charge of this co-educational institution which specializes in oratory and dramatics. "I've taught the Wayside Inn Tales over and over again and have sent many students here, but this is my very first visit", said our distinguished guest. He plans to stay several days.

Friday, April 28, 1944 Pleasant

Again a very pleasant Sergeant from the Cushing Hospital at Framingham brought a group of patients to see the Inn and especially to attend the Friday afternoon dancing class. This time there were about twenty-five veterans of World War II. They went directly to the large Ball-room and were soon showing smiles of amusement as children from the Redstone and Southwest schools bowed to their partners and responded to the calls of "Ladies chain" and "Balance your corner". After this the boys followed a hostess through the house, into the old kitchen, Parlor and through the bed-rooms. The Sergeant then piled them all into large Army cars and they drove by the Mill , Chapel and Schoolhouse. At four o'clock they were back in the hospital telling their buddies about the Wayside Inn.

Saturday, April 29, 1944 Pleasant

It seemed like old times. Children flocked around the Inn all day. They ran across the road to see the stage coaches, they ate picnic lunches in the yard of the Mary Lamb school and walked to the Smithy barn to exclaim over baby lambs and goats. In the afternoon four Chinese students from Harvard enjoyed the story of the Inn; three were from Shanghai and one from Nanking. They too, went to the Smithy barn and spent a long afternoon out-of-doors in the sunshine of a warm April day.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Sunday, April 30, 1944 Pleasant

Second Lieutenant: "I have a ripping headache. I guess I'm excited. This is my first day back in the States."

Elderly Gentleman: (after a long walk) "I often feel lonesome in the city, but I never feel lonesome in the country."

Small boy to hostess: (after she had told a large group what to see in the house and outside) "Thank you very much for telling me about the lambs."

Hostess, to two rough and ready sailors: "How did you get here?" Sailor: "Thumbed it".

Monday, May 1, 1944 Pleasant

Everybody is talking "gardens", the guests and Inn-ers. Hostesses are seen sneaking around the back door of the Inn in garden togs. They wear dirty white cotton gloves and carry hoes and rakes. The usual things are planted; carrots,string beans, lettuce,cabbages, onions etc. Professor Schell, guest tonight, informed us that he has a garden and gardener (with glances at his wife). He has "two fruitless trees and a wisteria that doesn't wis"- but he is still enthusiastic. Enthusiasm for Victory gardens is at a high pitch.

Tuesday, May 2, 1944 Pleasant

Edrehi Room - Occupied by Mrs. Jennie Livernash of Denver, Colorado. (Came to Boston to be near her son, but found Boston's Parker House too noisy. Preferred to spend her vacation- she works in Denver- in a quiet place. Will be here a week or two)

Ole Bull Room - Occupied by Miss Maurine Nilsson, teacher at Perkins Institution fot the Blind. She is nervously tired and will spend a few days resting in her room and in the sunshine. Does not want to talk about her work.

Wales Room - Occupied by Mrs. R.D.Richardson of Medford, Mass.(busy mother of two small children and active in church and club work. Wants to read and rest.)

Wednesday, May 3, 1944 Pleasant

The first couple married in the Martha-Mary Chapel were Mr. and Mrs. George H. Walker, Jr. The date, September 28, 1940. Now there is an off-spring, a dear little baby whose name is Wendy Lee. She came to the Inn today in the arms of Grandmother Bennett, teacher in our Southwest School. Wendy Lee smiled and cooed while her mother showed a friend the Chapel. Perhaps little Wendy will be married there someday.

Members of the Sudbury Women's Club held a luncheon here today with thirty members in attendance. A string quartette furnished entertainment.

Thursday, May 4, 1944 Pleasant

Travellers come on foot and on horseback. They did in the old days; they do today. Six young priests arrived at noon time on this pleasant Spring day having come on foot from Weston College, a distance of eight miles. They returned the same way, hoping to reach school in time for supper.

Friday, May 5, 1944 Pleasant

Staying over last night were Mr. and Mrs. Warren P. Smith of New York, delightful people, who were particularly interested in the furniture. "We seek out interesting places all over the country" said Mrs. Smith. This was their first visit to the Inn and according to Mr. Smith it will not be their last!

Saturday, May 6, 1944 Very pleasant

The names of Mrs. F. VanWyck Mason and Robert Ashton Mason appear in the Register book today; probably the wife and son of author Mason who wrote "Drums Along the Mohawk".

Friends and neighbors of Mrs. Lemon were dinner guests this evening and reported that Mrs. Lemon is in very poor health. The neighbor, Mrs. Russell, takes Mrs. Lemon into Boston every day for a treatment at the Massachusetts General Hospital. The Russells live near Mrs. Lemon in Arlington and kindly carried some flowers from the Inn to her.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Sunday, May 7, 1944 Cloudy

The last guest, upon his departure from the Inn tonight, would have been much amazed if he had flipped the pages of our guest book which were inscribed today. Here he would have discovered Miss Phyllida M. Conchie from Vancouver, British Columbia and Helene and Mrs. L.R.Lordly from Saltcoats,Saskatchewan. He would have, no doubt, been much amused by the indistinguishable scrawl of a South American gentleman who registered from Buenos Aires. And, as his eye ran still further down the page, he would see that today had truly been an international one at Wayside Inn, for countries across the sea were represented through Miss Dolly Hazlett of Cork City, Ireland and Mrs. H. Edlund of Lulea, Sweden.

Monday, May 8, 1944 Pleasant

Twenty-five lively boys and girls from the Cambridge School scrambled into our large dining room at noon today and were seated at one long table. A hearty lunch was served, consisting of chicken a la king and custard pie; the latter being a great treat and very grown-upish. Later, a game of tag was played on the front lawn and the girls ran races against the boys. At two o'clock, they scrambled again. This time towards a large red bus which carried them back to the university city.

A new name was added in the Special Guest book today. It is that of Mr. Basil Matthews, luncheon guest, and author of "India Reveals Herself" and "The Clash of Color", etc.

Tuesday, May 9, 1944 Very Pleasant

Today, besides containing several cars at luncheon time, the parking space afforded room to two bicycles ridden by two British Naval Air force boys, who bicycled here from Framingham where they are spending a short leave. Handsome, dark-complexioned Sub. Lt. Thomas H. Staneforth, R.A.F.Pilot, of Lincoln,England and boyish, ruddy-complexioned Sub. Lt. N. J. Glendenning, R.A.F.Navigator, of Edinburgh, Scotland, expressed their interest in the Wayside Inn when they said," This is the nearest place like home that we've seen in the States."

The several cars in the parking space belonged to the eighteen New England Carnation Growers Association, who arrived for luncheon, each with a pink carnation in his lapel. A large bouquet of the same lovely "pinks" adorned their table on the porch.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Wednesday, May 10, 1944 Pleasant

Through the pictures which recently appeared in "Life" magazine, a great, great, great, great, great grandaughter of Samuel Howe has been discovered. She is Miss Ruth M. Wilder of Bernardston, Mass. Miss Wilder saw the pictures, learned that Samuel Howe built the Inn, and writes to inquire if this particular Samuel could possibly be her ancestor. She gives dates,etc. Today, we were happy to inform Miss Wilder by return mail that she is, indeed, a direct descendant of our Samuel Howe, first landlord of the Wayside Inn.

Thursday, May 11,1944 Very Pleasant

Mrs. Charles P. Gorely, Secretary of the Wedgwood Club has again sent a copy of "Old Wedgwood" for our use. This is the yearly publication of the Club; a small "Wedgwood blue" paper-covered booklet. And we do use it. Previous copies have been placed on the table in the Bar-room where guests enjoy perusing a small book while waiting for dinner or bus. Consequently the 1943 "Old Wedgwood" is very welcome and our thanks go to Mrs. Gorely for her kind interest.

Friday May 12, 1944 Pleasant

"Pleasant" for the weather report today is not by any means suffieient. The day was beautiful. This is lilac time at the Wayside Inn and to many the loveliest time of all the year. The lavender and white blossoms surround us, inside as well as outside. They are used for decoration on the tables in the dining room and huge bunches of them are seen on tables and mantles. The fragrance of the lilacs adds greatly to their beauty. Guests have exclaimed over them all day long.

Saturday, May 13, 1944 Pleasant

In the book, "American Destiny", Mr. A. Powell Davies, the author, points to the fact that a nation is its history. "It is the national past,interacting with the critical present, which dominates the shaping forces of the national future." Then Mr. Davies goes on to say that when a nation acts, the full force of its history is behind it. Reading this recently we were reminded of the Inn and of its place in the history of America. The full force of the Inn's structure, its hand-hewn beams, its virgin pine floor boards, stands firmly behind the men of America's fighting forces today. Their ancestors built it. What the Inn represents in Colonial history will follow the boys wherever they go. " A nation's past interacts with its cririeal present - to shape the forces of the national future."

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Sunday, May 14, 1944 Very Pleasant

If the writer could record Mother's Day with camera instead of pen, she would photograph the following:

First: The stately Chapel on the hill, a memorial to two mothers, Martha and Mary. Its tall, white steeple, pointing towards Heaven, was an inspiration today to many mothers. Its gleaming whiteness symbolizes purity of heart and soul; a tribute to all mothers.

Second: Baby lambs in the Smithy barn, clinging to the fleecy white coat of their mothers. They portray simply and beautifully the story of mother love, protection and guidance - simple enough for children to understand.

Third: The picture of soldiers and sailors, arm in arm with their mothers. They came to the Inn all day long; the mothers beaming with pride, the sons thoughtful and considerate. Some mothers wore bright colored flowers, others were in mourning; but mothers all--- bearing both silently and bravely both joys and sorrows.

Monday, May 15, 1944 Pleasant

Saucer- type grease lamps used for centuries and seen here at the Inn in the form of crude iron Betty lamps, are often discussed by our guests. They tell of their use in foreign countries and by the Eskimos. Today, a veteran of the African campaign described the use of a saucer lamp after the town of Maktar in North Africa had been bombed. Electric lights were out, so an ingenious old African lady placed a bit of olive oil ina low, open container. In this, she floated a piece of string and lighted it for a wick. The improvised lamp burned well. Our guest compared it to our black, hand wrought "Betty" in the Bar-room.

Tuesday, May 16, 1944 Pleasant

A five-month old baby was the recipient today of Book No.2 and Book No.3 for his new library. Book No.1 was a Bank book. The following two were purchased today by a loving grandmother. They were "The Story of Mary and Her Little Lamb" and "Tales of a Wayside Inn".

The large dining room was the scene this evening of "Ladies Night", a party held by the Clinton Rotary Club. Dinner was served promptly at seven o'clock, after which a professional entertainer provided fun and merriment with a Puppet Show. Several of the fifty-two guests later adjourned to the front of the house where they listened to the history of the Inn and a description of its furnishings.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Wednesday, May 17, 1944 Pleasant

Gales of laughter echoed through the halls of the Inn this evening as members of the Kappa Psi Sorority of the Waltham High School gathered in reunion. Older women met schoolmates they had not seen in years, while younger girls, dressed in gay, light dresses, welcomed each other with fond embraces. Eighty-nine places were set in the large dining room for a Chicken-a-la-King supper. Afterwards, all remained at their tables while a business meeting was held.

Thursday, May 18, 1944 Pleasant

A nephew of Darius Cobb, Mr. F.S.Cobb of Dedham, visited the Inn today and told of owning a Longfellow portrait painted by his uncle. It is done in black and white and, our guest added, proudly, that the portrait has never been copied. Mr. Cobb remembers going to Craigie House when a small boyand of being treated by the poet to some gum drops. His impression was of a very old man reaching into a drawer, with trembling hands, to bring forth the luscious candy. The boy stood by, his eyes filled with wonder and hunger.

Friday, May 19, 1944 Pleasant

An elderly couple, she with beautifully combed white hair and a smiling young face, made a tour of the Inn this afternoon. Half-way through the rooms, they surprised the hostess by announcing "bride and groom"! They wer old friends from Michigan, married recently at the home of a daughter in Watertown, Mass.

Another bride and groom of forty years, celebrated their wedding anniversary here this evening. They were Mr. and Mrs. A.D.Wilde of Canton, Mass.

Saturday, May 20, 1944 Very Pleasant

Happy is the bride the sun shines on! A lovely vision was our "bride of today" - the former Gladys Turner of Framingham - in her long, full-skirted, satin gown when the sun's rays touched her shining hair and filmy veil, as she leaned, laughingly, over the stair rail to throw her bouquet into a sea of eager, out-stretched arms. The beautiful nosegay of white orchid, surrounded by sweet peas, with its ribbon streamers, served four purposes today: as the traditional note at the wedding ceremony; as a lovely centerpiece at the bride's table in the large dining room, with its festive white and purple lilacs; as a source of pleasure to the lucky recipient, and as a haunting memory picture for the sixty wedding guests to carry with them.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Sunday, May 21,1944 Very Pleasant

A more beautiful child was never before seen at the Inn; blonde hair, blue eyes and a dear, little smile. Chaplain Abbott, overnight guest, was attracted by the smile as were many other guests. But the chaplain, in his kindly, quiet way, askeda few questions. He learned that the child's father had been killed in the African campaign. He, too, was in Africa and had established a cemetery there. He buried many boys. Perhaps he had officiated at the burial of the baby's father? What was his name? Where was the wife and mother? Just then a very lovely young girl, with deep-set, sorrowful, dark eyes appeared. She was the mother. She talked with the chaplain; compared names and dates. She listened bravely as Chaplain Abbott described a peaceful, flower filled cemetery. She clung to his words as if hungry for every detail. It was a thrilling monument for those looking upon this trio; a gentle, soft-spoken chaplain; a pretty War widow whose eyes were filled with tears, and the beautiful baby with an innocent, happy smile. The child, never seen by her father, is eighteen months old,and the recipient of the Purple Heart and Silver Star decorations.

Monday, May 22, 1944 Rain

A luncheon guest this noontime casually remarked that her first visit to the Inn was 65 years ago - and " I haven't been here since", she said.

Fifty-six members of the Newman Club of Marlboro, enjoyed supper in the large dining room this evening after which a business meeting was held.

Tuesday, May 23, 1944 Pleasant

Again, a chorus of male voices singing the thrilling song of the Army air Corps was heard resounding through the Inn. This time to the accompaniment of the little old spinet, in the Patlor. Doors and windows were open and again those words " climbing high into the sky" echoed far beyond the walls of this historic Inn. This afternoon there were forty boys in khaki who followed a hostess through the rooms, paying strict attention to every word, as if listening to a lecture on flying technique. But here the boys were more relaxed and every now and then hearty laughter was heard. One boy was from Oregon, another, from Kansas, Pennsylvania, West Virginia etc. In the old days, a "Young Sicilian" too was here. He used to play upon the spinet. Today, he listened from the wall and smiled.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Wednesday, May 24, 1944 Partly Cloudy

The mail has brought two interesting letters, one from Mrs. A.D. Wilde, who with Mr. Wilde celebrated their fortieth wedding anniversary here last week. The other is from Private Norman Fletcher, formerly a patient at the Cushing Hospital, Framingham.

Mrs. Wilde writes about the Bear Camp River Coach on exhibition in the Gatehouse. She confirms our story that the coach was used by the poet, Whittier, when he was visiting the Bear Camp River House. This hotel burned down in 1880 or 1881, but up to that time, says Mrs. Wilde, Whittier spent several weeks here each year and almost certainly rode in the very coach now preserved at the Wayside Inn.

Private Fletcher, after a visit here, concerned himself with finding out facts regarding the making of candles. He asked his grandfather how candles were made in his day and grandfather gave a very detailed description of the process. Private Fletcher has kindly passed on the information to us and it will be used here the next candlemaking day comes around.

Thursday, May 25, 1944 Cloudy

Cloudy weather has not spoiled the enthusiasm of one artist, Miss Marjorie Garfield, who, since last Tuesday, has been making water color pictures of various rooms in the Inn. She specializes in "interiors" and has done the old Kitchen, Bar-room, Parlor and Parsons Bedroom swiftly and easily. Usually she sits on a small stool in some unobtrusive corner, but today, in doing the Parsons Room we found her sitting on the floor! She is a delightful guest and quiet as a mouse. It's fun watching her put on the sombre colors of the old woodwork or the lovely green color in the Bar-room. Miss Garfield spends most of the year directing the Department of Interior Decoration at the University of Syracuse.

Friday, May 26, 1944 Pleasant

Very cautiously, seven baby squirrels peered into the outside world from their nest in the tree trunk. The, one by one, they crawled as cautiously down to the ground. Fortunately, an overnight guest saw them. He called others and soon an audience of four or five Inn-ers were expectantly watching every move of the tiny creatures. All their antics will be watched closely because their home is on the very front lawn of the Inn.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Saturday, May 27, 1944 Warm

One long table, which stretched from end to end of the large dining room, was made ready this afternnon for the fifty wedding guests of Miss Elsie Brigham. In the center of the table, a large wedding cake was in readiness to be cut by the bride, while vases of white iris and spirea decorated each end of the table in true bridal fashion. Elsie is a Marlboro girl who, for many years, attended our dancing classes. She was a most faithful partner, hardly ever missing a class. Therefore, her wedding reception held here late on this warm May afternoon was not without its note of sentiment.

Sunday, May 28, 1944 Pleasant

The day started with a Communion Breakfast held in the large dining room at 10 o'clock. One hundred and thirty-five ladies were in attendance from Marlboro.

At 12 noon a bus load of girls dressed in khaiki with WAC insignia arrived to have Sunday dinner on the Porch. There were thirty-six in the party. After dinner they were escorted by a hostess through the rooms and listened attentively as she told them the story of this old New England Tavern. Most of the girls were from other than New England states. Their homes were in the western and southern sections of the United States.

Monday, May 29, 1944 Pleasant

Recent Guests

Mrs. G. Fleming, Mt. Carmel, Connecticut - collector of old costumes, particularly of the 18th and 19th centuries. She lectures and exhibits her costumes and will soon publish a costume book.

About twenty blind students from the Perkins Institution, Watertown, Mass. They ate their picnic lunch near the Redstone School.

A Chaplain who signed his name with a French fountain pen, found among the belongings of a German prisoner.

Mr. C. H. Haitman, Christian Scientist, Director of the Mother Church in Boston.

Tuesday, May 30, 1944 Very pleasant

MEMORIAL DAY

On this Memorial Day, 1944, a great number of the men and women who crossed our threshold were in uniform. They represented the fighting forces of the United States in World War 11. Many who came here today were asking themselves this question: "Why do I fight?" One of the best answers to this question is found in the following, written by Corporal Jack J. Zurofsky who won first prize in a contest sponsored by the War Department:

continued next page

Tuesday, May 30 - continued

"I fight because of my memories - the laughter and play of my childhood, the ball games I was in, the better ones I watched, my mother telling me why my father and she came to America, my high-school graduation, the first time I saw a cow, the first year we could afford a vacation, the crib at Camp Surprise Lake after the crowded polluted Coney Island waters, hikes in the fall, weenie and marshmallow roasts, the first time I voted, my first date and the slap in the face I got instead of the kiss I attempted, the El going down, streets being widened to let the sun in, new tenements replacing the old slums, the crowd applauding the time I came through with the hit that wen us the Borough championship - the memories, which, if people like me do not fight, our children will never have".

Wednesday, May 31, 1944 Very pleasant

A record sale of books was made today when one lady purchased 18 copies of the "Story of Mary's Little Lamb". "They are for a graduating class" she said. Naturally one would suppose the class to be composed of little Marys, nine or ten yeats old. But no. The lady explained that the 18 "children" are of college age and had just completed a Teachers Training course.

Men and women who teach in the public schools of Hudson, Mass. gathered in the large dining room this evening for a Turkey dinner. Fifty-five were served.

Thursday, June 1, 1944 Pleasant

There has been a long stretch of pleasant weather. It is the season of school closing festivities. Both have been contributing factors in bringing many guests to the Inn, individually as well as in large parties. Almost every day a "group" of people come for an anniversary or a school-closing celebration. Today was no exception, the largest group numbering seventeen. They were friends and teachers of the Linclon, Mass. school department.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Friday, June 2, 1944 Pleasant

Today the Inn received a heavy iron muffin-pan made about 150 years ago. It was presented by Mrs. Georgiana Keith Fisher of Grafton, Mass. who thought it would match the other heavy iron cooking utensils hanging in the old Kitchen.

There is a lot of "dog" talk around the Inn today. Several overnight guests are in attendance at the Dog Show in Framingham; one or two of the men are judges. Three shows in all are being held at "Raceland" the estate of J. R. Macomber.

Saturday, June 3, 1944 Pleasant

A boy in Navy blue and a bride in traditional white satin received their friends in the large ball-room this afternoon. While the line was forming a pianist friend played solos such as "I'm falling in love with someone" and "It's love, love, love". After the whole line had paid their respects to the bridal couple, all adjourned to the large dining room where Supper was served. A large wedding cake was cut and the bride, Miss Constance Goudreau of Marlboro, threw her bouguet in the proverbial way as she left the Inn. She married a Mr. Boudreau, changing only the first letter of her surname.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Sunday, June 4, 1944 Pleasant, cool

Greenfield Village Schools were well represented here today when Lieutenant and Mrs. Donald E. Kidder arrived from the New London,Conn. Naval Base. With them was their little baby who enjoyed a sojourn in our old pine cradle. Ensign Charles F. Kull, Jr. and his wife, the former Patricia Chubbuck, also came from New London to see, as they aptly put it, " a little bit of home". Later, it was discovered that the Service Notes Column in the Herald contained a paragraph headed "Charles Kull (EIT)"

Monday, June 5, 1944 Very Pleasant

Proud parents with sweet girl graduates tagging along are seen frequently around the house these days. Today, a modest little family from Worcester, consisting of mother, father, brother, and grandmother entertained their graduate by bringing her to the Inn for luncheon. Grandmother whispered on the side," She graduated this morning from La Salle Junior College and was Vice-President of her class". Another family to whom graduation was an event long to be remembered stopped here on their way from Bradford Junior College to their home in New Jersey. The graduate was a lovely looking daughter.

Tuesday, June 6, 1944 Very Pleasant

While word of the Invasion had been expected for sometime, nevertheless, the news came as a surprise early this morning. When the Chapel bell rang at nine o'clock, not only the school children were there but those who could be spared from their daily work also attended the services.At subsequent intervals during the day, Invasion news was brought in by the guests. It was a day when the historic significance of events touched the hearts and souls of all who entered here and penetrated into the very walls and beams of this old house.

Wednesday, June 7, 1944 Pleasant

Miss Mary Earle Gould, who has written a book on old Wooden Ware, is a frequent guest at the Inn. Her home is in Worcester and from there she delves into all kinds of research work on early American ways of living and primitive utensils. Her new book, not yet published, will be about fireplaces and fireplace equipment. Recently, she wrote a piece for the Christian Science Monitor concerning the origin of zMother's Day and how, in the 14th century in England, a Sunday was set aside during Lent when young people were admonished to carry wafers from the church to their mothers and "to visit them". This was called Wafering or Mothering Sunday. A wafer iron, such as Miss Gould describes for making the wafers, can be seen in the Bar-room.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Thursday, June 8, 1944 Pleasant

A very nice gesture was made today by a Mrs. Kelliher of Worcester who entertained at luncheon nineteen members of the Junior Class of the Bancroft School. Mrs. Kelliher's daughter, Joan, is a member of the class.

Another party of interest, which took place this evening, was a dinner, arranged by Father Kane of Maynard, for forty-one young people in his congregation. The group has been puttingon a series ofplays for the benefit of the church.

The final event of the day occured in the large Ballroom, where little Mary Lamb-ers and children of the Southwest School danced for the entertainment of their parents and friends. The Ballroom was crowded; the orchestra played, and the children performed their quadrilles, the Varsovienne and Duchess to perfection. They were rewarded with ice cream and cake and loud applause.

Friday, June 9, 1944 Pleasant

The last regular dancing class of the Boy's School was held this evening. Next week, the Graduation Ball will take place; also other graduation activities, such as a Picnic, Tree Planting, a Banquet and the Graduation exercises. Guests have enjoyed the weekly dancing classes and many have made a point of dining here on Friday evening because of them. They will be missed by guests and Inn folk through the summer vacation months.

Saturday, June 10, 1944 Cloudy and Rain

The Inn folks had the pleasure this afternoon of welcoming Mrs. Muriel DeMille Hoppin back after an absence of several months. While Mrs. Hoppin lives in nearby Framingham, she has not been able to come to the Inn because of transportation difficulties. This afternoon, however, plans were made for her to rehearse with Miss Fisher for music to be played at the graduation banquet of the Boys School. Mrs. Hoppin always played the violin for this event. Since her marriage she has continued the custom. Not all of the afternoon was spent in rehearsing, however. Mrs. Hoppin talked about her new home in Framingham, her Victory Garden, her bicycle, and members of her family; her father passed away last winter.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Sunday, June 11, 1944 Pleasant

The name Dennison is synonymous with crepe paper, paper tags and paper boxes, made in the adjoining city of Framingham. Mr. Henry S. Dennison, President, is a neighbor. Wayside Inn orchards border on Mr. Dennison's estate. Consequently, the Inn is sometimes favored with a visit from this distinguished gentleman. This noon he entertained a party of four for Sunday dinner. He was talkative and friendly and in glancing over the guest book made a remark which brought a laugh from everyone in the room. Several Chinese had registered and Mr. Dennison was puzzled over the Chinese characters: "I can't read these names", he said, "but I could easily play them on a flute!"

Monday, June 12, 1944 Pleasant

Fourth graders from Sudbury visited the Inn this morning with their teacher, Mrs. Hunt, who evidently considers it a duty for every Sudbury child to visit the Wayside Inn. She makes a point of bringing her class every year before the term closes. A splendid idea. Too often, literary and historic shrines of national importance are neglected by those living nearest to them.

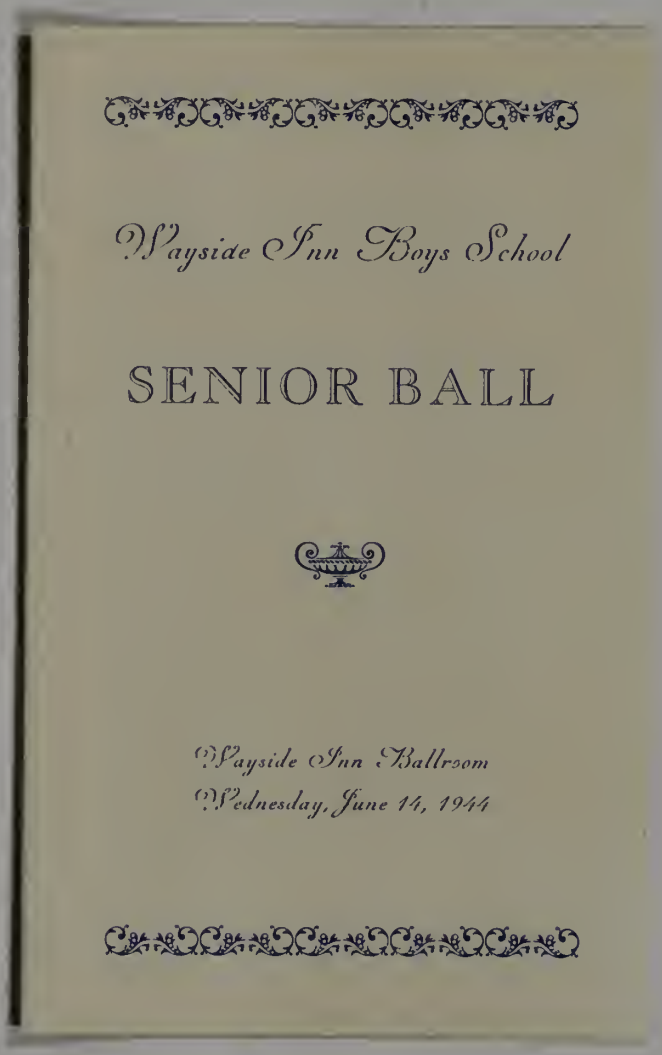
Tuesday, June 13, 1944 Pleasant

The thirteenth day of any month is considered unlucky, but this 13th of June, 1944 was a lucky day for Frederick Santosuosso. He is the one boy graduating from the Wayside Inn Boys School and tonight was honored at the Senior Banquet. This was held in the large dining room, beautifully decorated for the occasion and arranged with tables and chairs to seat over one hundred. Just about that number paid their respects to the graduate. He was seated at the head table between Mr. Sennott and Mr. Dailey, headmaster. Flanking either side were four instructors, Mrs. Sennott, Mrs. Edwards, and members of the Junior Class. The class will was read and reports made of the various projects and activities of the Class of 1944.

Wednesday, June 14, 1944 Pleasant

With the announcement of the "Sicilian Circle", the Graduation Ball of the Wayside Inn Boys School commenced its merry sojourn in the lovely, decorated Inn ballroom tonight. Swirling pastel gows, interspersed with a few dashing colors, lent an added air of gaiety to the scene. Eyes sparkled with pleasure and energetic feet kept time to the graceful varsovienne, the spinning polka and galop and the tuneful quadrilles. When the lilting strains of the " goodnight waltz" ended, there were many sighs of reluctance as well as many tired, but happy, people.

Wayside Inn Boys School Senior Ball Dance Program



DANCES

GRAND MARCH

1. Sicilian Circle
2. Waltz
3. Duchess
4. Galop
5. Waltz Varsovienne
6. Singing Quadrille
7. Irish Reel
8. Rye Waltz
9. Five Step Schottische
10. Caprice
11. Virginia Reel
12. Galop
13. Waltz

INTERMISSION

1. Waltz Oxford
2. Galop
3. Seaside Polka
14. Waltz
15. Badger Gavotte
16. Varsovienne
17. Heel & Toe Polka
18. Galop
19. Barn Dance
20. Lady around the Lady
21. Plain Quadrille
22. Galop
23. Veleta Waltz
24. Good-night Waltz

EXTRAS

4. Standard Quadrille
5. Waltz (Stag)

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Thursday, June 15, 1944 Cloudy

" This is your payday," said Mr. John B. Rice, speaking to graduates of the Wayside Inn Schools in the Martha-Mary Chapel this evening. "The pay" for four years of hard work being in the form of a diploma, explained Mr. Rice, Superintendent of Schools in Marlboro. This was an appealing note to the graduates, some of whom have been here eight years; David Howe, for instance, graduated from the Redstone School four years ago and tonight he graduated f4om the Southwest School. Parents and friends filled the Chapel to overflowing, chairs being provided for those who came in late. The music, as usual, played an important part in the program, with Miss Fisher at the organ. In closing, the whole congregation, including the three schools, rose to sing the strong words:

"Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto:'In God is our Trust',
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

Friday, June 16, 1944 Very Warm

" Inn - er Thoughts "

During these "Liberation Days", when the battlesof World War II are, perhaps, at their highest peak, it is hard to keep smiling. Yet smiles do their share towards winning the war and they don't cost a cent! "If you can smile, you are helping to win the War," remarked a guest today.

The baby lambs, now down from the Smithy Barn, make a pretty picture in the field across from the Inn.

A great thrill to hear someone say, earnestly and sincerely, " I'd rather be here than any place I know."

Saturday, June 17, 1944 Very Warm

Another lovely wedding took place in our Martha - Mary Chapel this afternoon, when attractive Jane Way put aside her uniform of the Waves , for a few hours, to don a trailing white satin bridal gown. White laurel blossomed in each window of the Chapel as Jane walked down the aisle and later decorated the Inn dining room where a reception and tea followed the ceremony. The bride, now Mrs. Willard Lee Norman, is a Sudbury girl and attended our own Wayside Inn Schools.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Sunday, June18, 1944 Very Pleasant

The presence of a number of fathers was noticeable today. Young fathers in uniform and those who were addressed as grandfathers. Some ladies whispered in our ear,"We are taking father out to dinner but he is paying the bill:" The dining room was filled from 12:00 noon until eight o'clock in the evening.

Monday, June 19, 1944 Cloudy

The picture below shows men of the Army Air Corps singing the Air Corps song on the front steps of the Inn. A lovely Spring afternoon, seventy-five handsome young men, and a chorus of voices blended in perfect harmony " flying high into the sky ".

Tuesday, June 20, 1944 Rain

The father of Major Richard E. Ryan was a luncheon guest this noon and recounted proudly the War exploits of his distinguished son. One hundred and twenty-five missions in the African campaign is the record of this fighter pilot, now safely back in the U. S. A. Father's name is Clarence E. Ryan and the family home is in Worcester.

A Second Lieutenant, whose home is in Marlboro, Mass., was a recent guest. "I've travelled all over the United States since I left home two years ago," he said, "but this is my first visit to the Wayside Inn." He was spending a furlough at home.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Wednesday, June21, 1944 Mostly Rain

The large dining room was the scene this evening of an unusual party which honored a beloved member of the Sodality of the Immaculate Conception Church in Marlboro. The honored guest was Mrs. Hanley who has been a member of the Sodality sixty years and President twelve years. In recognition of her services to the organization, a lovely picture of Mrs. Hanley, painted by a friend, was placed at one end of the room. Surrounding it was a large frame composed of sixty roses. Underneath this was a vase containing twelve roses to number the years of her presidency. Best of all was the fact that over one hundred and fifty women came to pay their respects to their fond friend and leader. A turkey dinner was served.

Thursday, June 22, 1944 Partly Cloudy

Yesterday afternoon we were pleased to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. O'Keefe who arrived from Detroit to stay overnight. Mrs. O'Keefe is associated with Mr. Campsall's office and at the present time is enjoying a two weeks vacation. They arrived in Boston last Sunday.

Recent Remarks

Hostess to Guest ;"Was everything all right?"
Guest:"Yes, everything was more than right!"

Little Girl: "Thought I'd buy a postcard here to send to Daddy in India".

Guest: "There is an atmosphere about this place which it never loses."

Friday, June 23, 1944 Partly Cloudy

A wooden anniversary party was arranged tonight for an elderly couple, celebrating their Fifth Wedding Anniversary. The dinner was planned by Mr. and Mrs. Victor E. Peppard of Maynard, Mass. The table for nine on the porch took on a very festive air with its lovely flower - filled wooden bowl for a centerpiece. The guests, laughingly, found their places by scrutinizing the tiny place cards held in the arms of clothes pin dolls. These were cleverly fashioned by a member of the party from clothes pins, crepe paper, percale, pipe cleaners, a bit of cotton batting and the use of paints.

Saturday, June 24, 1944 Rain

A rain storm nearing cloudburst proportions made this a dreary day with few guests to enliven the scene. In the evening however, a little ten year old brought in considerable joy and cheer. He had bright "red" hair and wore a light grey suit with cap to match. There was nothing bashful about this youngster. In a flash he had picked up the old blunderbuss - "You know they used to fire biscuits in this " he said. A watchful Daddy made the correction - "You don't mean biscuits, you mean bullets". Piped the young man, "Certainly not, I mean biscuits!" Then he ran to the Bar-room - "Is this a living-room or is it a kitchen? I can't tell" he queried. And so on through the house. He could be heard upstairs and down, question after question.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Sunday, June 25, 1944 Cloudy

Dark clouds hovered around a peeping sun all day. Nevertheless, many ventured forth from their homes to partake of Sunday dinner at the Wayside Inn. At twelve o'clock noon, a busload of Wacs arrived to be shown through the house. They enjoyed it and afterwards came to the Bar to buy books and postcards. "It's an experience, being here", said one of them. "All we have in my part of the country is the old Mississippi River." She was from St. Louis.

Monday, June 26, 1944 Partly Cloudy

Over thirty men connected with the Raytheon Manufacturing Company filed into the large dining room this evening where a full course dinner was served. Raytheon is one of the largest War Industrial Plants in this vicinity. Several of the group tonight were Navy officers from Washington.

Tuesday, June 27, 1944 Very Warm

A darling little girl with blond braids, sparkling eyes and rosy cheeks - so reminiscent of our own Mary-Lambers - came to dinner with her mother, father, and older sister tonight. A friendly, interesting group were they: the Eaton family, summering at Swampscott, Mass. Little Alice Lee attended Green Lane Academy for two years and wished that she lived near enough now to go to our Mary Lamb School. She was quite thrilled with her new possession, "The Story of Mary's Little Lamb", and clasped it tightly as she left.

Wednesday, June 28, 1944 Pleasant

The weather was not in the least suggestive of Valentine's Day, yet the afternoon was spent in looking over some old valentines. These were presented by Miss Marion Emerson of Worcester who will, at some future time, publish a book on old valentines. Here is a small wreath made of hair, with blue silk bow attached. It is carefully placed on a light blue fringed paper on which are written these words:"Keep this for my sake and remember me". Others are of the fancy lace paper type. Some sweetheart of a by-gone day must have been thrilled to find this verse printed within a flowered wreath on a tiny red card:

"Words alone cannot unfold
The love I bear for thee
For thou art more precious far
Than costly gems to me."

Miss Emerson kindly picked these sentimental messages from her own private collection. She chose those associated with Sudbury and vicinity.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

[redacted]ursday, June 29, 1944 Very Warm

This next-to the-last day of June was an extremely warm one, with the thermometer reaching nearly one hundred degrees. Men guests were in shirt sleeves, while several women carried old-fashioned fans. "I don't care if this fan is out of date", said one of our female guests, as she fanned herself vigorously.Four house guests,fresh off the train from New York, declared they were almost at the melting point, as they entered the Bar-room.

Friday, June 30, 1944 Cooler

Every now and then, a guest will remember having seen Ole Bull. Such was the case today when the musician's name was mentioned as having been one of the characters in the "Tales of a Wayside Inn". A house guest, Mr. George H. Pfeiffer, heard the musician play at the Academy of Music in Philadelphia. But Mr. Pfeiffer was only ten years old at the time and doesn't remember much about it. This reminded another guest of a friend in Montclair, New Jersey, who is a direct descendant of Ole Bull. The friend is studying music in New York.

Saturday, July 1, 1944 Pleasant

In reviewing the weeks' activities, the name John H. Hyde, from Biddeford, Maine, seems to stand out. He spent a few days here this week, working on his manuscript and has now taken it to his publishers in New York. The book will cover the years 1870 through 1930; the period in one man's life spent in both Africa and Russia. The Russian Revolution in 1916 is brought into the tale. We here at the Inn do not know the title of his book but will be anxiously awaiting its publication.

[redacted]

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Sunday, July 2, 1944 — Pleasant

A bride in billowy white loveliness and a groom in trim white Naval attire is the memory-picture we have of Thursday's wedding in the Martha-Mary Chapel. It took place at seven in the evening, with about two hundred friends and relatives of the couple in attendance. Both are well-known in this community. Marilyn Field, the bride, formerly lived on the Wayside Inn Estate, and the groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs.Carlton W. Ellms of South Sudbury. To further enhance the wedding scene, were two bridesmaids and a maid of honor. Also a best man and four ushers. A reception followed the ceremony at the home of the bride's parents, Briardale Farm, Concord.

Monday, July 3, 1944 — Very Pleasant

This holiday weekend has been made more enjoyable by the presence of good weather and Miss Elizabeth Graham. Miss Graham works in Cambridge and several times has come to the Inn for a vacation, Saturday, she brought a friend and yesterday another friend joined them. The three will stay over Independence Day. Incidentally, Miss Graham works for a candy company and kindly presented the hostesses with some delicious chocolates, another contributing factor towards a pleasant weekend.

Tuesday, July 4, 1944 — Pleasant

No firecrackers disturbed the peace and quiet of this old Inn on Independence Day 1944. In the afternoon, however, there was a little flurry of excitement caused by the arrival of a stagecoach. It happened to be a Wayside Inn Coach returning from the parade in Sudbury, Several guests exclaimed over it and soon a dozen dozen or more had gathered around it; among them, a returned missionary from China. She had been around the world but had never ridden in a four-wheeled coach made by Abbott and Dowing of Concord, N.H. She asked the driver if she could ride. One by one they piled in- a few old ladies, some young girls and a man. Two small boys climbed to the driver's seat and off they went - up the dusty road by the barn and then a turn towards the Redstone School. A clatter of horses' hoofs and the coach with its passengers peering from every window approached the front step of the Inn. Here were the Inn folk, ready with hearty greetings and gaiety, to help the "passengers" out. The horses were sweaty and the coachman's face a bright red. A by-gone day had returned.

Wednesday, July 5, 1944 — Very Pleasant

A tired looking family, dressed in summer gardening clothes, came in late this afternoon for dinner. "Yes, we've been working in the garden," said Father. Then he went on to explain that "Brad", the eight year old member of the family, drives their Ford-Ferguson Tractor. He shifts gears, drives it in and out of the barn and finds it very easy to operate. Brad started running the tractor a year ago when he was only seven.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Thursday, July 6, 1944 Very Warm

A British flyer, one time guest at the Inn, wrote a friendly letter received today."Have you ever considered how lucky you are", he asks,"to live where you do or do you just take it for granted?"The beauty of the Wayside Inn is that it can afford to give the world the go-bye." Sgt, Gaunt ends by saying, "I shall have to close, as I am flying tonight and its usually quite a scuffle."

Friday, July 7, 1944 Warm

Wayside Wayfarers

----------He pulled an old half-dime out of his pocket. Exactly half a dime in size, the coin was dated 1884.

----------She was dressed in a cotton pinafore, same cut, same material as that worn by her mother. The dress was pink, like her cheeks. She looked like a china doll.

Saturday, July 8, 1944 Very Warm

The house is a color scheme of pink and white. Pink and white cosmos from our own cut-flower garden have put in their annual appearance and are used for decoration in the dining room. In the front of the house, several bowls have been filled with pink roses from the Bowker's garden; various shades of pink, and occasionally, a deep red rose of velvety texture. These good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Bowker, were here again tonight, bringing a basket full of lovely roses for our pleasure and for the pleasure of the guests. Much admired are the little "Tom Thumb" and "Pixie" roses, which stand up straight in their tiny bottles on the shelf behind the Bar. Many guests ask, "Are they real?" Sometimes, the color and beauty of our flowers overshadow interest in the Inn itself.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Sunday, July 9, 1944 Very Warm

After preaching to a large congregation this morning at Tremont Temple, Dr. Walter D. Kallenbach drove here with friends for Sunday dinner. He is totally blind, yet entered with a firm,sure step and head held high; an inspiration to all the "seeing" eyes around him. Best known as the Blind Evangelist, Dr. Kallenbach has also made a name for himself, since becoming blind, as a musician and author. And he is a connoisseur of roses, being National Counselor at Large for the American Rose Society. He told of being in Detroit and of his interest in what Mr. Ford is doing for blind employees. Friends and hostesses helped Dr. Kallenbach enjoy his visit and were pleased when he suggested reading the "Tales of a Wayside Inn" in Braille.

Monday, July 10, 1944 Very Warm

Evening dinner guests at the Inn tonight enjoyed their dinners more than usual, we expect, for were they not safe for awhile from Nature's barbarous display just outside their comfortable quarters on the porch? While giants played "ten-pins" in the sky and stabbed viciously at the clouds with pitchforks of flame to make them flood the earth and its people below, Inn-mates were safe and dry. What beautiful, yet terrifying, splendor Nature produces in a thunderstorm! What a lovely, fresh, wet-washed world she leaves in its wake!

Tuesday, July 11, 1944 Very Warm

Dinner Party

Lieutenant from Los Angeles, California

"Yes, I like New England very much. At least the weather isn't monotonous like it is in California (pleasant all the time, of course!)."

Lieutenant from Detroit, Michigan

"That chicken was good - which goes to prove that the way to a man's heart is still through his stomach. That is not an old-fashioned or an exploded theory."

Lieutenant from Atlanta, Georgia

"Last time I came to the Inn was in 1938, when I copied the verse from"Keramos" on the Longfellow jug. I liked it because I'm a ceramic engineer."

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Wednesday, July 12, 1944 Very Warm

The weather is anything but suggestive of a fire on the hearth.Or does it suggest one by its terrific heat? Anyway, the mail today brought this poem which has its appeal even in midsummer.

The Old-Time Fire

Talk about yer buildin's
That's het up by steam---
Give me the old oak fire
Where the old folks used to dream;
The rickety dog-irons,
One-sided as could be;
The ashes banked with 'taters
That was roastin' there for me;
The dog on one side, drowsin',
Or barkin' nigh the door;
The kitten cuttin' capers
With the knittin' on the floor.
An' me, a little tow-head,
By mammy's side at night,
With both my cheeks a-burnin'
From the red flames leapin' bright.
These steam-het buildin's make me
Jest weary fer the blaze
That was a heap more comfortable
In my childhood's nights and days.
An' I'd give the finest heater
In the buildin's het by steam
Fer the old-time chimbley corner
Where the old folks used to dream!

Frank L. Stanton

Thursday, July 13, 1944 Very Warm

Many things and many people will contribute towards making post-war America internationally minded. Already this fact is noticeable among our guests. Boys returning from foreign parts talk enthusiastically about the natives on remote Pacific Islands or of friends they have made in Capetown, South Africa. Today, an American Army Officer spotted the large Chinese punch bowl in the dining room. He examined the Chinese characters on it, then translated easily." A friendly person, one who is amiable and kindly towards all." Now, our beautiful old punch bowl has become a symbol of international goodwill and friendship.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Friday, July 14, 1944 Warm

The death of Colonel Theodore Roosevelt has sent us searching for his signature and the date he visited the Inn. He is registered in the Special Guest Book this way:

Theodore Roosevelt, Col. 26th Inf.
Sept. 6, 1941

At that time, Colonel Roosevelt was stationed at Fort Devens, Mass., and dropped in here for dinner; a very friendly, democratic gentleman. The Boston Herald, in an editorial, says that those who knew him will read sympathetically the words of his commanding General: "The most gallant soldier, officer and gentleman I ever knew."

Saturday, July 15, 1944 Pleasant

Sojourning in Sudbury this summer is Mrs. Enrico Caruso, widow of the singer. She came for dinner this evening with friends and is most attractive; young looking, with blond hair, and she talks freely about her life and family. Gloria, now 23 years old, has married recently and to an American - which, evidently, pleases her mother. Mrs. Caruso is, of course, a refugee from Italy and with her is Mrs. Margaret Anderson, concert pianist and writer, also a refugee. Both expect to frequent the Inn during their stay with friends in this small New England town. They expressed pleasure in the atmosphere of the Inn with its antique furnishings and literary association.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Sunday July 16, 1944 Pleasant

Seventeenth century lighting devices have their appeal; Betty lamps, rush holders and pewter candlesticks. The picture of Abraham Lincoln comes to mind with the flickering flame from the hearth shedding light upon his open book. Today, another kind of artificial light, used in an early time, was described. A gentleman told of a large copper ball which was kept highly polished in his great grandmother's house. The ball spread light all around the room and was used on long winter evenings when darkness encompassed the farm houses in Queen's County, Nova Scotia. The guest recalled his fascination for the shining ball when, as a boy, he visited his maternal ancestor's home.

Monday, July 17, 1944 Pleasant

Thirty ladies from the Women's Relief Corps in Scituate, Mass. were here for a day's outing and at noontime gathered on the porch for luncheon. In the afternoon, several played cards, while others walked to the Mill, Chapel, and Schoolhouse. A few sat under the trees on the lawn. When four o'clock came, they asked for a refreshing drink of ice water and prepared themselves for the ride home in a chartered bus. This was not their first visit. Other good times at the Inn were recalled and talked about in a sentimental way.

Tuesday, July 18, 1944 Pleasant

Guests have registered recently from the following foreign soil: Canada, Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, England, New Zealand, New Brunswick, China, Japan, Hawaii, Domican Republic, British West Indies, South America, Denmark, Norway and Mexico.

To add to this list, representatives of forty-one of our forty-eight states have visited the Inn this summer so far.

Wednesday, July 19, 1944 Pleasant

Other Bowkers in Worcester are Mr. and Mrs. Harold S. Bowker, who come to the Inn less frequently than Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Bowker, but who are, nevertheless, very fond of the Inn. They have a family of four boys, three of whom are in the service. . Tonight, the proud parents told about son Gordon, who has recently received the Purple Heart decoration. Gordon is a devotee of the Inn and it is pleasant to know of his heroism and of his rapid rise to the top. He is now attached to General Nimitz's Staff. A picture, produced from his mother's pocketbook, shows Gordon as a mature, handsome, young man, with an expression of earnest determination upon his face.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Thursday, July 20, 1944 Pleasant

Rehearsals are going forward every day for the radio program to be broadcast from the Martha-Mary Chapel starting August 13th. Mr. Theodore Toll from the Blue Network and Mr.W.A.Robinson from Pontiac, Michigan and Mr. C. Frazzini from Dearborn, Michigan are here to plan the announcing and technical details. They have made several favorable comments regarding the songs and recitations to be given by our children. It is hoped that the Wayside Inn program will carry on the fine example set by the children in the Dearborn and Georgia schools. Many guests express their enjoyment of this Sunday evening feature.

Friday, July 21,1944 Pleasant

For the past four months, the Wayside Inn folk have been looking forward to the Crosby wedding. It is scheduled for tomorrow afternoon at five o'clock in the Martha-Mary Chapel. Today, the John U. Crosby family arrived from Milwaukee. The bride-to-be, Marthann, is a direct lineal descendant of the Howe family. It was her grandmother's wish that she be married at the famous old Howe Tavern in Sudbury. Father Crosby wrote a letter and arrangements were made for the whole bridal party to be accommodated here. Also arriving from New York today, was the groom, Lt. William Schneider, Jr., and his family. The party numbers eight so far. Tomorrow, more will come and a dinner for eighteen is planned to follow the wedding ceremony.

Saturday, July 22, 1944 Pleasant

A local florist and cakemaker were called upon hastily to do their share towards making the Crosby wedding a success. The weather man smiled, and a nearby clergyman donned his robe. Miss Fisher was at the organ in the Chapel promptly at five o'clock. The Chapel bell resounded over the hills and vales of the Inn estate, as the bride entered, gowned in white with a short train. A veil flowed becomingly from her dark hair. The groom was slightly taller than his bride and very straight, being an officer in the Signal Corps. Adelaide Crosby was her sister's maid of honor and looked very beautiful as her father gave his older daughter away. Both mothers looked beautiful too. The only regret to slightly mar the occasion was the fact that grandmother Crosby could not be present. It was she who had cherished the dream of having her granddaughter married here."She is with us in spirit, even if she is way back home in Milwaukee", said Mr. Crosby, as he glanced at the dainty place cards made for the wedding dinner by the absent grandmother. And there were other absentee guests as the party assembled around the long table; friends of the bride who were unable to make the long trip from Wisconsin and buddies of the groom stationed at his post in Tampa, Florida. They, too, were here in spirit to congratulate the happy couple, as were several Howe ancestors - Samuel, David, Ezekiel and Lyman.

Sunday, July 23, 1944 Very pleasant

A tall basket filled with white lilies and long stemmed gladiolas told the story of yesterday's wedding to many of the guests who, today, walked into the old Parlor. The basket was brought from the Chapel shortly after the ceremony and placed in front of the Parlor fireplace and under the Howe coat-of-arms. All day it has been a reminder that one of the"Howes" was married in the MarthaMary Chapel of the Wayside Inn. Lyman Howe smiled upon it from his gilt frame on the wall and Mr. Longfellow, across the room, bestowed his blessing with kindly expression on his pictured face. Memories of the lovely bride, who came all the way from Milwaukee, Wisconsin, lingered as her parents Mr. and Mrs. John U. Crosby, prepared to leave. They carried with them a few white stalks from the flower filled basket.

Monday, July 24, 1944 Pleasant

An English gentleman was so charmed with the Inn upon his arrival for dinner last evening that he decided to stay overnight. "I already have a room reserved for me in Boston and one in New York, but I cannot resist the temptation of staying here for just one night" he said. Other house guests and hostesses enjoyed the cultured English accent of this alert little gentleman. Also his enthusiasm for things old and traditional in America. He was especially pleased with the Mary Lamb School house and walked over to see it before returning to his hotel in Boston.

Tuesday, July 25, 1944 Partly cloudy

A luncheon guest contributed today's item for the Diary. He was a 'teen aged boy who is definitely a hero worshipper. The hero being the boy's father who has just returned safely from a secret mission in the South Pacific War area. The words came fast as the boy recounted his father's story: "He was tossed into a stormy, raging sea. He clung to a rope so long that it cut his hands and they bled. He thought surely the sharks would get him, but" added the boy hurridly, " my father said he had done his work well and he had made his Will the way he wanted it so he was willing to go". This noble thought and the boy's pride in telling it certainly deserve a place in this historic journal.

Wednesday, July 26, 1944 Pleasant

Did you ever live or visit in a fascinating foreign country? Tonight, dinner guests, Mr. and Mrs. John Wilson gave a glowing account of the years they had lived and worked abroad. They spent three years in a little seaport town on the Red Sea in South Africa. Life in Africa, at least in the white colonies, is inclined to be a social one, since housewives there are able to hire natives to work very cheaply. Thus the wives have many leisure hours. Mrs. Wilson pointed out, however, that this easy life leads one to become rather lazy and unprepared for the hurry and bustle of "work-day" America. One of the Wilson's daughters was born there in the little town and hopes to go back sometime - "but just for a visit" - she added hastily.

Thursday, July 27, 1944 Pleasant

PICTURES

See next page - - -

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Thursday, July 27, 1944

Fourth of July Parade, Sudbury

Redstone Schoolhouse

Old Jim hitched to the Irish Cart

Little Ralphie Sennott atop the stagecoach

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Friday, July 28, 1944 Partly cloudy

Dropping in recently to say 'Hello':

Miss Marian Emerson from Worcester, still gathering material for articles she will write in the near future about the Inn.

Mrs. Gross who lives in the Italian villa on the Framingham Road. She is entertaining her relatives (and our house-guests), Mrs. J. R. Murnan, Mrs. Channing Richards and Channing Junior from Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. John U. Crosby who are still in this vicinity visiting friends. They expressed appreciation again for the lovely setting which the Inn provided for their daughter's wedding.

Mr. Albert Haynes, dancing master, who is spending the Summer months as Recreational Director in a War Industries plant.

Saturday, July 29, 1944 Pleasant

Another small wedding took place in the Martha-Mary Chapel at 7 o'clock this evening when Miss Marjorie Emerson became the bride of Ensign S. Douglas Leighton. Only ten guests were present, they being the immediate relatives of the couple. Following the ceremony a steak dinner was served on the dining porch of the Inn, the minister and his wife, Rev. and Mrs. Knight of Framingham Center, and the bride and groom making a party of fourteen guests. Before leaving the wedding cake was cut and names of the happy coupe were inscribed in our Wedding register book.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Sunday, July 30, 1944 Pleasant

"I have just eaten the best Sunday morning Breakfast in America!" exclaimed Mr. Robert F. Duncan, house-guest, as he emerged from the dining room early this morning. It is good; a choice of fruit, cereal, fresh eggs, bacon, ham, toast, muffins, pancakes, coffee. Mr. Hooker from Framingham very often drops in for Sunday morning breakfast. In his opinion, Breakfast is the best meal served here. This is just between ourselves, ofcourse. The slogan, however, would certainly be a good one for advertising purposes - "The best Sunday morning Breakfast in America!"

Mohday, July 31, 1944 Pleasant

A romantic looking old envelope with faded blue stamp and containing a lace paper valentine has come today as a gift for Mr. Ford's birthday. The giver is Miss Marian Emerson who will someday publish a book on "Old Valentines". On the reverse side of the Valentine are the embossed initials N. E. V. Co., meaning New England Village Company. This was the second company in America to make these sentimental little missives. The company was owned and operated by Job Taft and the valentines were made in his house near the railroad station. New England Village fifty years ago changed its name to Grafton (Massachusetts). Job Taft was a typical Yankee and related to Caleb Taft of blacksmith fame. Caleb's shop is preserved in the Edison Museum. Thus the valentine has several interesting associations .

Tuesday, August 1, 1944 Very warm

Arriving yesterday were Mr. and Mrs. John W. Thompson from Dearborn who will stay a week or more. They are quiet and unassuming people and have expressed a genuine interest in things old and his toric. A trip to Concord is on their schedule besides a thorough tour of the Inn.

Wednesday, August 2, 1944 Very warm

Wearing apparel - Summer 1944

Flowers and bows instead of hats
Neckties with lambs that gambol on them
Slack suits
Men's hats with bright red bands
Sheer black stockings (one pair)
Aluminum jewelry
Geese flying on a cotton dress
Shorts
Garden overalls

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Thursday, August 3, 1944 Very warm

A Birthday celebration for Mrs. Enrico Caruso began today when daughters Gloria and Jacqueline arrived from New York. Also here to celebrate is Mrs. Margaret Anderson, former companion to Mrs. Maeterlink. The party of four will stay in the Garden and Jerusa rooms until Monday. Large and small boxes beautifully done up in blue and sliver wrappings have been carried to the rooms and plans have been made for an enjoyable get-together with "the children" as Mrs. Caruso fondly terms her grown-up girls.

Friday, August 4, 1944 Very warm

Can after can of zenias, cosmos, scabiosa and salpiglossis have come in from the garden to be arranged in pewter bowls, pottery jugs and glass vases. Miss Fisher has charge of this operation and receives many compliments from the guests as to her artistic ability. Perhaps the word "operation" is not exactly fitting, but certainly the filling of the recepticles and removing the old flowers is quite laborious. The results, however, seem well worth the effort. This week there is an abundance of pink; all shades of rose, pink and lavender are used in picturesque bouquets. One is tempted to use paint and brushes.

Saturday, August 5, 1944 Very Warm

A lovely bride in a cool-looking sheer white gown and long misty veil graced the Inn grounds today. Surrounded by her three pretty auburn-haired bridesmaids, unusually gowned in white, too, with accents of pale blue in the head-dresses and old-fashioned nosegay bouquets, she was the center of many admiring glances from friends and relatives. After the bridal group had laughingly posed for the camera enthusiasts, the party of over one hundred guests adjourned to the Ballroom where a reception was held. Later, they filed into the Large Dining Room where a five-tiered wedding cake - the most elaborate one the Inn has ever seen - made a perfect centerpiece for the bridal table and a perfect setting for Ruth Fahey, the bride, of Waltham, and Arthur Jones, the groom, of the United States Army.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Sunday, August 6, 1944 Pleasant

Many suggestions have been made regarding the preservation of the Wayside Inn; it might someday be moved to Greenfield Village. Not yet, however, has anyone suggested that the Inn be moved to Siberia! But Siberia may, in the not too distant future, become the last resting place for all historic relics. There, deep underground, where the soil is perpetually frozen, animals and later humans have been found in a perfect state of preservation. Everything buried in the frozen crust has been wonderfully kept, eventhe fibers of wood have not deteriorated. A Russian scientist Professor M. Sumorin proposes to build an underground museum in Siberia and contends that thousands of years hence, a sample of domestic life in the twentieth century can be fully pictured; furniture and furnishings, garments, animals and manuscripts. The frozen earth varies from three and a half to 1, 312 feet deep. Will our dear old Inn eventually be buried?

Monday, August 7, 1944 Cloudy

A remarkable memory displayed itself today as a guest, who had not been here for twenty years, asked about certain chairs and tables - "I remember a chair here", she said, "and didn't you have a table there?" In fact, she remembered almost every piece of furniture in every room! She spoke of the Inn during Mr. Lemon's ownership and called his arrangement of furniture a "hodge-podge". "I like to find things in the same places" remarked this bright little woman. Her home is in South Dakota and a trip to New England, if made only once in twenty years is, we should say, a very memorable occasion!

Tuesday, August 8, 1944 Pleasant

A Captain and a Colonel breezed into the Bar-room recently and asked for the Parson of Woburn. "Is this where he worked and is this where the wounded were brought in?" Somewhere these two Medical Corps men had read of a country parson who, at the time of the Revolutionary War, had administered medical aid to the sick and wounded at a Sudbury tavern. "Yes, and he married a couple here at the same time" they said. Unfortunately neither one could remember where he had read such a story, but both declared it to be true and insisted that the Wayside Inn was famous for its "Parson of Woburn".

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Wednesday, August 9, 1944 Pleasant

A farewell gesture, very pleasing to the hostesses, was made today by Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Thompson of Dearborn. After a stay of ten days they presented each hostess with a box of candy.

Thursday, August 10, 1944 Pleasant

Another Dearborn arrival today; Mr. Earl Tank who will help direct the Martha-Mary Chapel program to be heard on the Blue Network radio broadcast next Sunday evening. Rehearsels for the broadcast are being held daily and invitations have gone out to friends and neighbors. It is hoped that the Chapel will be filled for the first and three succeeding Sunday evenings.

Friday, August 11, 1944 Pleasant

"This is to certify that I Ephraim Smith have received of Jacob Reeves one of the Selectmen of Sudbury a gun and bayonet " - so reads the promise signed on April 17, 1775 which hangs in the Bar-room. A guest became interested and has sent in a brief biography of Jacob Reeve which appears in a pamphlet containing historical sketches of Wayland. From this we learn that Jacob Reeves was of "Reeves Tavern" which stood on Reeves Hill. Here the farmers from Framingham, Southboro, Hopkinton and even from more westerly parts of the state were wont to rest and relax on their way with produce for the Boston market. "Squire Jake" was an Innkeeper who, the account says, often felt obliged to shake his head not in anger, but in sorrow when a glass too much was called for. Thanks to Mr. Thomas Adams this information adds considerable interest to our Historical file.

Saturday, August 12, 1944 Pleasant, very warm

HIGH LIGHTS OF THE WEEK

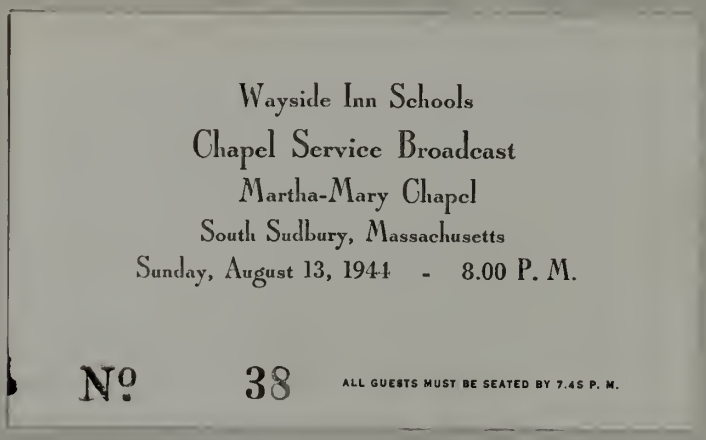
Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Nay and two friends drove down from Exeter, New Hampshire to have dinner here last Tuesday. Mr. Nay is Clerk of the Probate Court in Exeter and drives a beautiful green Lincoln Zeypher.

Monday last a Birthday party was given in honor of Mr.Ellis of Waltham, Mass. Nineteen friends and relatives sang "Happy Birthdayto you" as they adjourned from a long, festive looking table in the old Dining room.

A visit from Jerry Wood, Wayside Inn Boys School '43 now a Corporal in the Army Air Corps. To be specific, Jerry is a Ball turret gunner.

Sunday, August 13, 1944 Very warm

On this very warm mid-summer evening, activity was centered at the lovely Martha-Mary Chapel. Fifteen minutes before eight o'clock about two hundred guests were seated in the main auditorium of the building to hear children of the Wayside Inn schools "go on the air". When the signal was given at eight o'clock, the chorus started with the Doxology. Then followed "Come Thou Almighty King" Several recitations were given including "Mary Had a Little Lamb". Promptly at eight-fifteen, the program ended; the announcer saying with his best radio voice, "This is the Blue Network". The programs which will be continued for the next three Sundays, are under the general heading "Greenfield Chorus" and are presented by Mr. and Mrs. Ford to a national radio audience.



Wayside Inn Schools
Chapel Service Broadcast
Martha-Mary Chapel
South Sudbury, Massachusetts
Sunday, August 13, 1944 - 8.00 P. M.

No 38 ALL GUESTS MUST BE SEATED BY 7.45 P. M.

Monday, August 14, 1944 Very warm

Stopping here for a short time yesterday was Mr. William A. Wolf of Lancaster, Pennsylvania and of "Who's Who" which says that Mr. Wolf is a musical director and founder of the Wolf Institute of Music. He is also an editor and critic and studied music in Dresden, Berling and Leipzig. Mrs. Wolf was here too and incidentally the couple were celebrating their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary.

Tuesday, August 15, 1944 Very warm

Another distinguished visitor, also a musician, was a member of Miss Emerson's luncheon party today. She was Dr. Stella Owsley, Editor of the "Southwestern Musician" and teacher of music at the Texas State College for Women. Dr. Owsley was appreciative of the Longfellow spinet and exclaimed over tis beauty as a piece of furniture as well as its value as an old musical instrument. Others in the group were well known musicians and writers from Worcester, but attention was focused on Dr. Owsley who was the guest of honor.

Wednesday, August 16, 1944 Very warm

Children's Chatter

Small boy clutching his father's hand as he entered:
"Are we going to see Mr. Ford, Daddy?"

Tiny, pig tailed child of three reciting her name and address, but not remembering her age.

Blond little girl announcing, as she arrived with her mother and grandmother (who were much interested in the Inn furnishings),
" I came to see Mary and her lamb!"

Thursday, August 17, 1944 Very warm

A new edition of Longfellow's poems has come to our attention, published in 1943 by the Heritage Press and edited and selected by Louis Untermeyer. It is beautifully printed and strikingly illustrated with wood-engravings by Boyd Hanna. The Editor's introduction states that - "Longfellow, at his best, is a poet close to the heart of America, entitled to its affection and worthy of its pride. Stories flowed from him as from a New England mountain spring, musically, inexhaustibly. His ballads, made of rugged homespun, have outworn smarter fashions. His lyrics never fail to communicate a twilight peace; the mood of dusk deepening into darkness, the congenial lamp, the com-- forting book, the children's hour, the hour for the hearth and "the humbler poet".

Friday, August 18, 1944 Cooler

What part can an old Inn play in a great War? Some say it is just an old building standing by the side of the road. One answer to the question came today when a lonely mother arrived. Many times she recalled her sailor son, now overseas. "He came here when a little boy" she said, "and he always loved the place". She spoke as if he had gone away for ever and perhaps he has - - His last letter was dated May 14th Mother's Day. "I've cried until I can't cry any more" confided our guest who, today, was very brave indeed. Thus the Inn, standing here for over two hundred and fifty years serves its War, as well as peace-time purpose. It is a refuge and shelter for the lonely in spirit and the brave of heart. Just another old house by the side of the road? Milton's lines come to mind:

"They also serve who only stand and
wait"

Saturday, August 19, 1944 Cooler

Mrs. R. E. Strong of Hopkinton, Mass. was pleasantly surprised this afternoon when she discovered that her own house in Hopkinton was built by John Howe, a son of Samuel who built the Wayside Inn. Mrs. Strong knew that her's was a Howe house. It was built in the early part of the 18th century and by someone related to the Wayside Inn family. The Howe geneology, from the shelves of our library, supplied the information that Mrs. Strong's Howe was John and that he lived in Hopkinton.

Sunday, August 20, 1944 Pleasant

This is the time of year for Summer tourists. This August Sunday was reminiscent of pre-War days. The register listed many out-of-state guests, large groups were conducted through the Inn and the admission column on the Daily Summary card was black with "admissions paid". A cross section of the country was represented by the following list of places:

Jonesboro, Arkansas	Birmingham, Alabama
Mayfield, Kentucky	Miami, Florida
DesMoins, Iowa	Baltimore, Maryland
Red Bank, New Jersey	Montpelier, Vermont
Muskegan, Michigan	Lockport, New York
Charlotte, North Carolina	Cameron, Texas
Berkeley, California	Mignon, Pennsylvania
Bogard, Missouri	Pascoag, Rhode Island

Monday, August 21, 1944 Pleasant

Jones, McDuffie and Stratton have been china dealers in Boston for years and years. Here New Englanders have stocked their cupboards with fine domestic as well as imported china. The firm has often commissioned English and European china makers with special orders. Mr. John Conley, guest today, told of spending his time, since 1887, in this particular department. He explained a special order made by Wedgwood. It was for three or four thousand tiles on which a scene of the Wayside Inn appeared. The tiles were made in several different colors, green and blue in particular, and the picture was made from a copper plate engraving. Undoubtedly many of these tiles are hidden away in over-flowing china closets.. Mr. Conley promised to investigate some of the old shelves at Jones, McDuffie and Stratton to see if he could find one of the tiles for the Wayside Inn collection.

Tuesday, August 22, 1944 Pleasant

A quiet wedding took place in the Martha-Mary Chapel at four o'clock this afternoon when Miss Eloise L. Roberts of Farmington, New Hampshire became the bride of Mr. Alfred M. Braga of Hudson, Mass. Miss Fisher played the organ as the couple were joined in marriage. After the ceremony ~~afternoon~~ tea was served on the dining porch to fifteen guests.

Wednesday, August 23, 1944 Pleasant

It is gratifying to have a letter from Mr. John Crosby of Milwaukee stating that the marriage of his daughter Marthann which occurred at the Martha Mary Chapel in July was a delightful event in every particular. It will be remembered that the wedding was planned here because of the fact that the bride was a direct descendant of the Howe family. Mr. Crosby is very flattering in his letter regarding the way in which details of the wedding were handled. He compliments the entire Inn staff for the courteous treatment given his party.

Thursday, August 24, 1944 Pleasant

A recent visitor in the uniform of a second lieutenant turned out to be John McNeill, actor. Not an actor of any importance, he said, but a member of a stock company which played at a Summer theatre in New England several summers ago. At that time Mr. Mc Neill visited the Inn and this week while recuperating from an arm wound, wanted to bring his wife to see the place which he had remembered so pleasantly. His wife is a western girl and Mr. McNeill, previous to being in the Army, made his home in Hollywood. He played in the movies, minor parts, and one summer was associated with Orson Welles. When he returns to civilian life, Mr. Mc Neill expects to continue his stage career.

Friday, August 25, 1944 Pleasant

Once in a very great while the Inn-ers hold a party among themselves; not large, elaborate parties, but small, informal get-togethers which usually take place at unexpected and unplanned-for times; times in-between guests and telephone calls. Such a little gaiety happened this morning when someone arrived with three bananas. Bananas being scarce, the occasion called for a party. Agnes built a fire in the dining room fireplace and gathered in front of it were three of us; each with a banana and a little fun and laughter to go with it.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Saturday, August 26, 1944 Cold

Huddled in a corner of the Bar-room after Luncheon today were four people, all speaking a foreign language. It was Portugese. But in broken English they identified themselves. Mr. and Mrs. Ruy T. Guerra are making their home in Boston while Mr. Guerra serves as Portugese Consul General there and Mr. and Mrs. A. C. B. Pinto, he a doctor of medicine studying at the Massachusetts General Hospital. All were enthusiastic about the Inn and asked for a quotation from the "Tales" to be written in the books they purchased as souveniers.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Sunday, August 27, 1944 Pleasant

Little footsteps came running up the walk followed by fond parents. At the doorstep, the child stopped. She suddenly bent to the ground."Where is my penny?" she asked. Mother looked at father and father looked at mother. Sunday guests paused. Could it be possible that this tiny three-year-old had remembered? Yes, she had dropped a penny at the Wayside Inn two weeks ago. "Where is my penny?" the baby voice queried. To this young guest, the Wayside Inn didn't mean an old house, a dish of ice cream or even Mary's lamb. It suggested only a long,lost penny.

Monday, August 28, 1944 Partly Cloudy

Mr. Longfellow, tying together a bundle of books, was the word-picture of the poet given today by a guest, Mr. Frank Carney. Mr. Carney recalled his boyhood days in Cambridge where he saw Longfellow on several occasions. Once he was sent to Craigie House to pick up some books for the Harvard Library. The boy found the famous gentleman on his knees, trying to make a neat package of the books. "I guess I'm making a poor job of this", he said, as his fingers fumbled with the string. The boy offered assistance which was accepted, and a word ofappreciation given for a menial task well done. Mr. Carney also told of being entertained at Craigie House some years later when Miss Alice Longfellow was hostess to the Harvard Memorial Society. It was a winter day and "grave Alice" invited her guests to draw their chairs near the fireplace. Standing in front of it, she read to them a history of the large frame house, which was her life-long home. It was also the Revolutionery headquarters of General Washington.

Tuesday, August 29, 1944 Pleasant

Bicycle Way-farers

Two girls from Worcester spending the night. They boarded their bikes early in the morning and headed for home. They feared a threatening shower.

Mother and Father and teen-aged daughter wheeled to the Inn from Melrose, Mass.

Miss Marion D. Seifert from Rockville, Connecticut, here a year ago on her bicycle enroute to New Hampshire. This year making the trip by automobile.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Wednesday, August 30, 1944 Pleasant

Recalling the music of Ole Bull and the lovely Norwegian country from which he came, a guest today, Mr. Cap Waller, former member of the Wisconsin Legislature, asked if he could see and touch the violin once owned by the great musician. No sooner was the wish granted than strains of music were heard. The guest played one of Ole Bull's own compositions, a Norwegian song. Then, as he carefully laid the instrument back in its mahogany case, Mr. Waller told about his grandfather who once heard Ole Bull himself play. His grandfather had travelled to Norway and there, in Christianson, he was privileged to hear Longfellow's friend and last-named character in the "Tales of a Wayside Inn".

"Last the Musician, as he stood
Illumined by that fire of wood;
Fair-haired, blue-eyed, his aspect blithe,
His figure tall and straight and lithe,
And every feature of his face
Revealing his Norwegian race;
A radiance streaming from within;
Around his eyes and forehead beamed,
The Angel with the violin
Painted by Raphael he seemed."

Mr. Waller, from Black River Falls, Wisconsin, is not only a musician, but a poet. He left his own little "Tale of a Wayside Inn" in poetry form --

"WaysideInn, I am glad I am here.
I have dined, and I sure am full,
In the spirits of Longfellow and Revere,
And his good friend "Ole Bull"."

Thursday, August 31, 1944 Very Pleasant

A surprise gift was received today from a frequent guest, Mrs. William Allen Knight. She sent, by mail, from Framingham, her husband's latest book called "A Lovely Find". The book is a small one like "The Song of Our Syrian Guest" and it is similar too in its religious theme. Both describe and explain certain Bible passages;"The Song of Our Syrian Guest" is an interpretation of the Twenty-Third Psalm, while this new book defines the word "manger", so familiar in the story of the Christ Child's Birth. Mr. Knight discloses a meaning to the word, long overlooked; he chanced upon it in a shepherd's cave house in the ancient town of Bethlehem. There, he saw a real manger; a smooth hollow in the wall and in the very room where cows and chickens were kept. The Christ-Child, then, according to the old Bethlehem tradition, was not born in a cold stable, but probably in the warmth of a "manger" in a lowly shepherd's home.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Friday, September 1, 1944 Cloudy

Overheard by hostesses as guests signed the register recently:

Little old lady;"Used to come here on picnics as a little girl"

Soldier, recently returned from South Pacific: "Maybe I'll be back again some day to see this signature.
Soldier Friend: "MacArthur says we'll all be back."

Saturday, September 2, 1944 Very Pleasant

Distinguished Visitors - This Week

Letitia Lestina, Anthropo-geographer, one of the few people in the World who merits this title. She was born in this country, educated in England and works now at Yale University. Expects to do more research work in South America and will return to England after the War.

Dr.J. Gie, Ambassador to Washington from South Africa, accompanied by Mr. C.W. van der Merwe, who teaches at New York University. Both spoke with strong British accent.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Sunday, September 3, 1944 Pleasant

Two graduates of the Wayside Inn Boy's School met in the Bar-room this afternoon and talked over plans for a gala re-union after the War. These two boys are physically exempt from military service, but both are doing a noble work in corresponding with their school mates. Both carried long lists of names and addresses and compared them. Strange though, these boys had never met before. One of them Charles Pembroke was in the first class to be graduated from the school while William Cash graduated ten years later. The School should be proud of them. Charles is a successful hair-dresser in Detroit while Bill is making his way, and not slowly, in newspaper work. He works on the Boston Globe. Leave it to them to carry plans through for a post-war re-union.

Monday, September 4, 1944 Pleasant

LABOR DAY

The last of four Sunday broadcasts from the Martha-Mary Chapel at Wayside Inn was heard last evening with a record breaking crowd in attendance. Among those entertained at the broadcast by Mr. and Mrs. Sennott were Mr. and Mrs. Kopecki and two children; Mrs. Kopecki being Mr. Frank Campsall's daughter. Later the party spent considerable time looking through the Inn.

Tuesday, September 5, 1944 Pleasant

The Inn seemed especially quiet this morning. It always does after a holiday. A few guests stayed overnight and lingered on - seeming loath to end their vacations. But Labor Day does end the Summer season, unofficially. Cottages at the sea-shore are closed and children return to school. New Englander's prepare for Winter weather and Winter occupations. The Inn folk too, plan for colder weather. Sweaters appear and coats, felt hats and gloves. Extra blankets are provided for overnight guests and fireplaces are lighted. Guests are not so numerous and once more the Inn is as the poet found it -

"A place of slumber and of dreams"

Wednesday, September 6, 1944 Pleasant

Speaking of Winter occupations. Putting together a jig-saw puzzle is a good one. Today a puzzle came through the mail from Miss Mildred W. Howe of Leominster, Mass. It is a picture of the Wayside Inn. Miss Howe found the puzzle in a Five and Ten Cent store and says that the finished product is an interesting study of the Inn. This is something to look forward to when winter winds howl 'round the "chimneys huge and tiled and tall".

Thursday, September 7, 1944 Pleasant

Tonight a happy little family reunion took place. Daddy had just returned from several months absence; Mother and small son thought the occasion called for a party. To young junior the Wayside Inn was certainly the place for it. He and mother had pretended to be at the Inn many times while daddy was away. It seems that whenever the boy wanted a party, mother would put candles on the dining table and supper was eaten under the illusion that it was being served at the Wayside Inn. This was son's idea of a very good time and a very special occasion. Therefore Wayside Inn was the place to eat when Daddy came marching home.

Friday, September 8, 1944 Pleasant

The Martha-Mary Chapel was again the scene of a marriage ceremony performed at 7 o'clock this evening. The happy couple were Ensign and Mrs. Sumner R. Dalber. A Lutheran marriage service was witnessed by about thirty friends and relatives who afterwarrds came to the Inn for a wedding supper. A three-tiered wedding cake was cut after which informality reigned. The party adjourned to the large Ball-room where singing and dancing were enjoyed.

Saturday, September 9, 1944 Pleasant

Excerpts from Recent Correspondence

"Going through one of the many publications that come to my office, I noticed the story on the "Betty Lamp" and knowing your interest in such subjects, thought you might be interested in reading what the "Edison Magazine" had to say on it. Also enclosed, you will find the front cover of the same magazine with its picture which makes me feel homesick for good old Sudbury. In fact that is what I call the picture - "Sudbury Town".

Saturday, September 9 - continued

" I think you could make money selling photos of the Inn as so many well-to-do folks call there and would buy them".

"God bless New England - one can really find America there. I spent 10 days in your country and I came home a better man. Mr. Brooks wrote how New England declined; but I believe he missed the real point. New England sent her sons throughout the West in the great migration and gave her life-blood to make our country what it is - "

Sunday, September 10, ,1944 Pleasant

Sunday brings to mind the spirit of Democracy which has prevailed in this old Tavern since its early beginning. Samuel Howe excluded no one; rich and poor, old and young were welcomed. Longfellow mentions a Poet, a Young Sicilian and a Theologian. So on this busy Sunday one finds here the same flame of Democracy alive. It burns brighter now than ever before in two hundred and fifty years. Look at the guests; a day laborer with his "kids", an Army Colonel, two boys on bicycles, a Bank president with beautifully dressed wife, two Polish peasant women, three British seamen, a newly-wed Ensign with pretty bride and so on through a day when America is fighting to preserve that very thing - Democracy.

Monday, September 11, 1944 Pleasant

Happy children were once more playing in the Redstone school yard as the new school term started today. Twenty are in the Redstone and twenty-six in the Southwest school. Miss Dolan, teacher of the Mary lamb-ers as the youngsters are called, reports a deluge of gifts for teacher on the first day; an apple, an orange, a cookie and last but not least, a penny!

Tuesday, September 12, 1944 Partly cloudy

Recent Remarks

"I've been coming here for 30 years and wish I could thank Mr. Ford for the privilege".

Twins: "By not dressing alike each of us can have just twice as many different dresses to wear!"

"It's so home-like here, I think I had better pay my bill before I go away without doing so".

Wednesday, September 13, 1944 Rain

A Finnish missionary, Rev. T. N. Ketola, recently returned from Liberia, West Africa visited the Inn with American friends today. He spoke English haltingly and quietly, albeit with much facial expression in telling of his experiences. Living in Africa for six years, he had to build (from "scratch" as it were) his own small churches and living quarters in numerous sections of the country. Twenty-eight different dialects were spoken by his native parishioners. These people, before the War, existed very comfortably on twelve cents per week; the diet consisting of rice, a little meat and green peppers. Bananas are very plentiful but are not a favorite food as they are considered here in our country. (Mr. Ketola, smilingly, said "If a native eats 5 or 6 bananas during the day, when evening comes he will complain 'I have not eaten all day!') Mr. Ketola, when asked about the lighting problem, replied that crude cup oil lamps ere used with a rag wick. This would burn as long as the oil lasted and would give good light, but much smoke!

Thursday, September 14, 1944 Cloudy

Hurricane warnings again alarmed New Englanders and today was spent in preparation for a storm such as befell our lot six years ago. All windows were fastened tightly, the fire engine put into practise and men and boys planned to be on call for any emergency. Every fifteen minutes throughout the day, radio reports gave the exact location of the storm, how fast it was moving towards Massachusetts and what time it was expected to strike in the vicinity of Boston. Latest report - eight o'clock this evening.

Yearning for the Wayside Inn is generously spread between the lines of a V Mail letter received recently from Robert Stone (W. I. School '43). He is on a lonely island somewhere in the Pacific and writes: "I have spent the happiest days of my life so far at Wayside Inn. I wish that I could be there now."

Friday, September 15, 1944 Pleasant

Two telephone poles went down on Dutton Road around two o'clock this morning and a huge limb broke from a tree just outside the Gate House. The highest wind and heavest rain struck here shortly after midnight - and while the mile-per-hour speed of the wind was greater than in the last Hurricane, the

continued next page

Friday, September 15 - continued

damage was less. This morning there is a general cleaning up. The lawn, scattered with small branches and twigs, requires the services of the gardner while carpenters are looking for "leaks" and broken panes of glass. Some guests report "sleeping through" while others looked drowsy and tired after a sleep-less night.

Saturday, September 16, 1944 Pleasant

How sheep cards are made in the 20th century was fully explained today by a guest who examined our old wool carders on exhibition in the kitchen. The guest has worked for years in the Howard Brothers plant in Worcester where he makes sheep, dog and cat cards. "Ofcourse dog and cat cards were not made in the old days", said our visitor, "but they are made now for combing the hair of household pets". Most remarkable fact: the cards are made in exactly the same manner as a hundred years ago.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Sunday, September 17, 1944 Pleasant

Recalling the time when sutomobiles were a novelty, Mr. J. Langdon Sullivan told today of coming to the Inn in a two-cylinder Maxwell. J. Langdon was a small boy then and thought it great sport for the family to go on an outing in their elegant new horse-less carriage. A days outing usually meant a trip to Worcester (one way). After an early breakfast at their home in Malden, the Sullivans were off! At noon time the Maxwell with its load of hungry people arrived at the Wayside Inn. Here friendly greetings were exchanged between Father Sullivan and Mr. Lemon, landlord, who formerly lived in Malden. Also a good lunch was enjoyed. Up Shewsbury Hill in the afternoon was always a chore for the over-burdened car. Mr. Sullivan said that the timing-spring usually broke. Nevertheless, Worcester was finally reached at just about dusk. The experience was very vivid in the mind of our guest who ended by saying that the Wayside Inn was a "tradition" in the Sullivan family.

Monday, September 18, 1944 Sultry

Could the reader have walked into the Parlor this evening, he would have found there fifty-four women from Waltham, Mass. And if he had come shortly after the dinner hour, he would have heard these women singing the famous Kate Smith song, "God Bless America". They sang to the accompaniment of the old spinet - and ended their tour of the house in this enjoyable way. The whole evening was a memorable one; dinner served in an atmosphere of quiet, Colonial charm and entertainment of the friendly, home-like variety.

Tuesday, September 19, 1944 Warm

A colorful picture of candle-making as practised in the Mexican Village, Los Angeles, was described today by a Californian. She said that the candles are strung on a large wheel which keeps revolving through the tallow. Instead of the wicks dropping from a straight stick, they are attached to the wheel and as the wheel turns, the candles are dipped into the tallow one by one. Bright Mexican colors add to the fascination of this candle-making method and also a pleasing perfume is noted.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Wednesday, September 20, 1944 Cloudy

New Autumn dresses worn by the hostesses brightened the day, today, for Wayside Inn guests. One of them remarked on the cheery colors displayed against the sombre background of a 17th century interior. The guest was a former Art teacher and apologized for making such a personal remark. Nevertheless, she was color conscious. She had noticed the lack of color throughout the house and thought the dresses brightened the whole atmosphere. Hostesses were unaware of the effect being created and were pleased to learn that their blues and reds were adding something to the attractivness of the Inn.

Thursday, September 21, 1944 Cloudy

Small boys and men - and even women in this War time are showing a keener interest in guns. In particular our guests exclaim over the Revolutionary musket which hangs in the Bar-room. They remark on its length with bayonet attached and its unreliable flint-lock. The man behind the gun, the man who carried it to the War, is forgotten. Dixon Wecter, in a new book called "Johnny Comes Marching Home" gives a picture of the Revolutionary veteran and how he felt when he returned home in 1783. Like in all wars throughout history, he experienced a profound tension and misunderstanding between civilians and veterans, the seeming ingratitude of the stay-at-homes. One wrote: "Some of them would pity us and would give us something, some half a Dollar, some a quarter, some less, some nothing but frowns." But the Continental was the least uprooted of all veterans, says Mr. Wecter. As a soldier he had usually gone home for Spring plowing and Harvesting.

Ephraim Smith was the Sudbury farmer who carried our musket. Let him not be forgotten as guests gaze upon the sharp, pointed bayonet and unreliable flint-lock.

Friday, September 22, 1944 Cloudy

Staying for a few days are Mr. and Mrs. Alvin G. Whitney of Albany, New York who are enjoying the environs of Mr. Whitney's ancestral township. The G in Mr. Whitney's name stands for Goodnow, an early family name in the history of Sudbury. Also to interest Mr. and Mrs. Whitney is the Inn which they term an Historic House Museum. Both have been associated with museum work; Mrs. Whitney before her marriage, in the field of Botony and Mr. Whitney for many years assistant director of the New York State Museum. They have talked at length about museum displays and how best to interest the visitor in them. Here they are impressed by the informality of the conducted tours and by the home-like arrangement of museum pieces.

Saturday, September 23, 1944 Pleasant

Cambridge, Massachusetts and Cambridge, Wisconsin were both represented here today. Signing his name under that of a guest from the famous college city, came Dr. K. K. Amundson from the mid-western Cambridge. Dr. Amundson is a Norwegian and a nephew of Rasmus B. Anderson, first professor of Norwegian literature in the United States. The professorship was established at the University of Wisconsin. Years ago Rasmus B. Anderson and Henry W. Longfellow were instrumental in erecting the Boston statue of Lief Erickson. Longfellow said he would help if the memorial could be placed in Boston. Mr. Anderson wanted it in Wisconsin. Ole Bull was also spoken of with familiarity by our guest who said that the famous Norwegian violinist had once given a concert in Cambridge, Wisconsin.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Sunday, September 24, 1944 — Very pleasant

Two distinguished people were identified among the many guests who came today. One of them was Sandra Levitski, a Russian Concert pianist who is on a tour of Army and Navy camps and hospitals. The other was Colonel Walter J. Ungethuem, soon to be presented the Legion of Merit for 27 years service in the U. S. Army.

Monday, September 25, 1944 — Pleasant

Collecting old forks has been the hobby of Mr. Edward Durrell who tonight gave a description of some of the earlist forks in his collection. The rarest one, he told us, was made by hand from a single piece of wood. It has two crude prongs. When Mr. Durrell gave his title as President of the Union Fork and Hoe Company, Columbus, Ohio, it was easily understood why his interest had been among old forks! Mr. Durrell's charming wife and daughter composed a three-some which made a lasting impression. Miss Durrell is in her second year of training at the Massachusetts General Hospital and we hope to see this member of the family again soon. Her parting remark was to that effect: " You haven't seen the last of me!"

Tuesday, September 26, 1944 — Pleasant

Departing guests this morning were Mr.and Mrs. A. B. Nichols of Cambridge, Mass. who made their three-day sojourn here a celebration in honor of their 49th wedding anniversary. Speaking with a great deal of pride, Mrs. Nichols informed the Inn family that she and Mr. Nichols have 10 grandaughters and 10 grandsons. When the time comes for the 50th anniversary, we hope to have the pleasure of entertaining this happy couple again.

Wednesday, September 27, 1944 — Cloudy and rain

An elderly Scottish couple in their cosy Highland home have been reading the "Tales of a Wayside Inn". This bit of information was brought today by a guest who recently entertained here the Royal Air Force member of this Scottish family. Letters home gave a glowing account of our famous American landmark. Consequently Longfellow's poems were taken from the shelf and the pages turned to the "Tales". The poet's description of the Inn served as a kind of link between the boy and his adoring parents back home in Scotland.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Thursday, September 28, 1944 Rain

A neighborhood group of young married women were dinner guests this evening, coming from Natick under the leadership of Mrs. Martin Whalen. Twenty-eight sat down to dinner in the large dining room and afterwards adjourned to the Bar-room where a hostess entertained with a description of the house.As Longfellow's lines on the old clock in the Parlor were being quoted, a heavy rain storm started which made the guests anxious to leave early. Not one was prepared for the downpour. Consequently several newspapers were used as hats, while others waited patiently for the storm to "let up".

Friday, September 29, 1944 Pleasant

Betty Hutchinson was not exactly a stranger to Inn folk when she arrived last evening. The Herald News introduced her several years ago when Betty was attending the Greenfield Village Schools. Now she directs the guide service in the Village and Museum. Consequently she was interested in duties of the Wayside Inn hostesses and spent the morning being "guided" through the house. Mrs. Hutchinson accompanied Betty on this trip from Dearborn which included a stop over in New York. After Luncheon they left to continue sight-seeing in Boston.

Saturday, September 30, 1944 Pleasant

A tall, dark and handsome Sergeant is a week-end guest. He arrived this afternoon and tonight told of his purpose in coming here. "To write", he said. "My brother is Howard Fast who writes Historical novels, the last one "Freedom Road". Sergeant Julius Fast, our guest, is a writer of Mystery stories and has a contract to have one done at a certain time. "Unfortunately I signed the contract", said he "and must write feverishly to full-fill it". A quiet corner of the Inn was suggested as a temporary writing shelter and the Sergeant voiced his approval. Tomorrow he expects to spend a good deal of time there with pencil and paper.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Sunday, October 1, 1944 Pleasant

A LETTER

Lt. (JG) F. E. Townley, USNR
12th Constr. Regiment
c/o FPO. San Francisco

Somewhere in
New Guinea

Dear Wayside Inn Hostess:

I guess I never did know your name, hence the odd salutation. Maybe it should be "Wayside Inn Manager". Anyway I just wanted to drop you a line and tell you how often I look back on the wonderful times I had at the Wayside Inn. And more expecially your gracious hospitality. I still get a kick out of the awful time you used to have trying to remember my name. But by the last time I was there (with my parents on October 20 last year) you were very definite in remembering it. And then I had to leave for overseas, so now you've probably forgotten me again.

I still treasure highly the Kodochrome enlargements I had made of the Inn and the Martha-Mary Chapel. They are among the best I have ever made and bring back many memories of the fine Sundays I spent there.

The friends who accompanied me there sometimes are now all over the world. One, Ensign Trent, is now on a Destroyer in the Pacific. Another, Ensign Tobias, is in Suva, Fijii. Ensign Wheeler is in an amphibious attack squadron. And Ensign Fressie is down near me here. So we are scattered about, and yet all have mentioned your dinners in the occasional letters they send me. One thing that makes places like this bearable is that we are able to hang on to such lovely memories.

Monday, October 2, 1944 Pleasant

A LETTER (continued)

Oh, how I could go for some of that delicious steak and chicken, the cottage cheese, the corn bread, the delicious ice cream and the wonderful butterscotch sauce! The two lovely ladies in the dining room will probably remember me as the only fellow who ever asked for three such desserts!!! Boy, was it good!

continued next page

Monday, October 2, continued

Well, I've got to close now. Maybe writing this may seem kinda silly, cause you may never even get it if you have moved from the Inn. But I thought that you probably would like to hear from one of your most loyal customers and, I hope, a good friend.

I'll be back someday next year for a leave. And then I'll be driving down from Schenectady again for another of those dinners and to shake your hand again. Till then, keep well and good luck!

Sincerely,

Francis E. Townley

Tuesday, October 3, 1944 Pleasant

TWO SAILORS

Sailor: I hope to come back sometime in the day time and see more-- but if I don't I'll remember this as long as I live!

Hostess to sailor: "Your girl friend is very nice".

Sailor: "She isn't really my 'girl friend'. You see her brother was my buddy and he was killed. I'm just taking her around. It helps".

Wednesday, October 4, 1944 Pleasant

DESK NOTES

Thanksgiving reservations are being made by old friends and new. The Huckins family will celebrate their 15th successive Thanksgiving dinner here this year.

Mr. Albert S. Partridge writes: "I had the pleasure on Thanksgiving day in 1941 of enjoying with my family a delightful time and a delicious dinner at the Wayside Inn. We should like to be with you again this year".

A wedding in the Martha-Mary Chapel, arranged by the groom Mr. Robert C. Barho of Natick, Mass. is scheduled for Tuesday, October 10th at 11:30 o'clock.

Thursday, October 5, 1944 Very pleasant

NATURE LOVERS

Miss Cleveland returning from a walk: "Everytime I looked up, I saw a tiny chip-munk peering from a stone wall. There were lots of them and all little babies".

Mr. Duncan saying good-bye after an out-of-door week-end: "I have left a bunch of wild flowers in my room for anyone who would like them. Picked them on my walk".

Guests ordering luncheon: "We have just seen a doe over near the barn and thought you must tame them here. But the man at the barn saidshe was wild and we probably wouldn't see her again".

Friday, October 6, 1944 Partly cloudy

BOOKS

The pretty yellow jacket of "Old Wooden Ware" which is kept on the Bar-room table soon becomes soiled and worn. Mary Earle Gould, author, has sent several new, fresh covers.

The very nice pamphlets describing the Martha-Mary Chapels are popular among the guests who ask if they may have one to take home or send to men in the service.

Two very popular favorites among visitors are the Allyn and Bacon edition of the "Tales of a Wayside Inn" and Wallace Nutting's "Furniture Treasury".

Saturday, October 7, 1944 Warm

AUTUMN SUGGESTIONS

Fresh Apple Pie
Washed windows
Red foliage
Hubbard squash

Longfellow's lines: "One Autumn Night in Sudbury Town --
Across the meadows, bare and brown"

Refreshing coolness
Firelit rooms
Falling leaves
Cornstalks and Pumpkins

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Sunday, October 8, 1944 Very pleasant

A dinner party arranged by Mr. and Mrs. Charles P Gorely of Wellesley was one of the outstanding events of this busy Sunday. The Gorely's founded the Wedgwood Club and are the Club's President and Secretary respectively. They entertained seven guests, all lovers of the famous English china. One guest was also interested in old fans and had as a table favor a miniature fan made and decorated by hand. Another guest, a collector of old paper dolls, was presented with a full set of 18th century paper dolls from Williamsburg. Place cards were made of Wedgwood-blue paper. Mrs. Gorely modestly told of receiving two letters from Her Majesty, Queen Mary of England, also a devotee and collector of Wedgwood.

Monday, October 9, 1944 Cloudy

A guest from the neighboring town of Maynard informed us today of her interest in things historical. "My great-grandfather founded Maynard", said our guest, "and my father attneded the Redstone School in Sterling. He knew Mary Sawyer well". The lady said that her maiden name was Maynard, but failed to give her married name.

Tuesday, October 10, 1944 Partly cloudy

The groom, Mr. Robert C. Burhoe of Natick, Mass. set the day (October 10th), engaged the Martha-Mary Chapel and ordered dinner for nine at 12 o'clock. The bride arrived from Maine dressed in hat and gown of blue, a color which harmonized with decorations of brilliant Autumn leaves. A kindly sun appeared just in time for the ceremony. Soft organ music preceeded the simple marriage service conducted by the Congregational minister from Natick. The couple were not young, nor were they old - a middle aged pair who received hearty congratulations from their friends as dinner was served on the dining porch. They expect to make their future home in Maine.

Wednesday, October 11, 1944 Pleasant

Wayside-ers - - please bear in mind --

Wounded veterans are asking the people of the U. S. to help them back into a normal existence by observing two rules: 1) don't stare, 2) don't ask questions.

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"Something in our History makes us different" said a buck private from Pennsylvania to his captain in Italy. "What is it, and why didn't they tell us about it back home?" That boy had discovered America on foreign shores and - we add - had probably never been to the Wayside Inn.

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Under these crosses are lying
Men whom America wrought
Living they loved her, and dying
Fell in the cause that she fought
Doherty, Bucci, Kaminsky
Grubel, Gerranti, DeSaulle
Gunderson, Susocki, Lavinsky
Swenson - - Americans all!

- - -

For, where the cannon fire shatters
Where men must battle and fall
Names do not matter - this matters
"They were Americans all!"

Berton Braley

Thursday, October 12, 1944 Very pleasant

COLUMBUS DAY

The oldest inhabitant can't remember an October 12th without its sunshine. It is always a day of fair weather, this holiday which comes when crisp air and brilliant foliage hold sway. Hundreds flock to the country to see an endless blue sky o'er head and layer upon layer of leaves under foot. No wonder so many journeyed to this American shrine today and were inspired, as was the poet Longfellow, to pay their respects at this particular time of the year. For the Inn lies in a

- "region of repose it seems,
A place of slumber and of dreams,
Remote among the wooded hills!"

Among those who enjoyed to the fullest their holiday excursion here were the following:

Thursday, October 12 - continued

Dorothy Kirk, Food Editor of the
Woman's Home Companion

Amy Pleadwell - Artist and connoisseur
of French textiles

The Australian bride of Captain Alan Stevens who sent home to her mother a copy of Chamberlain's book- "Longfellow's Wayside Inn - A Camera Impression"

F riday, October 13, 1944 Cloudy

There - and here

Russia - Alexei Tolstoi, modern prose writer is something of an eccentric - writes standing up with his manuscript on an inclined chest-high table.

(Such a table is used as the register desk in our Bar-room. Longfellow and other writers of his time, Hawthorne for instance, also used a desk of this sort)

New York - The Waldorf-Astoria advertizes as now starring in its greatest role: "Host to Wartime America!"

(This very same slogan could easily be applied to Longfellow's Wayside Inn)

Saturday, October 14, 1944 Rain

Arriving yesterday for a week-end sojourn were Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Turner of Verona, New Jersey with their lovely daughter Alta Ann. This is their first visit in two years. Most noticeable change was Alta's hair -- her long blonde braids now pinned up around her head.

Not here for dinner tonight were Mr. and Mrs. Bowker from Worcester; the first Saturday visit they have missed in many weeks.

Week-end guests are working laboriously on a jig-saw puzzle which, when completed, depicts the Inn.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Sunday, October 15, 1944 Pleasant

The oldest inhabitant of the Wayside Inn can hardly remember a day as busy as this Autumn Sunday. People poured in and out the front door from 12 o'clock noon until late evening. Included in a dinner party arranged by Miss Anne Sennott were the niece of Archbishop Francis J. Spellman and the Archbishop's father. He was an elderly gentleman, very much interested in the historic surroundings of the Inn.

Monday, October 16, 1944 Pleasant

Dr. T. J. Edwards, professor of American history at Princeton University has recently left there to take up the same duties at Oxford University, England. When such an authority as Dr. Edwards speaks, it is well worthwhile to make a few notes. For instance he says:

"Historians have been amiss in not emphasizing the fact that historic remains - a battlefield, an old mansion, a barn, a meeting house, an old tavern - are source materials of the greatest value".

"Old houses have their value even when they are not associated with great men or great historic events. I am glad that George Washington slept in so many houses because this fact has preserved them from destruction".

"If we are to understand our ancestors, the men who created this nation, we should understand their architecture, know whence it came and the conditions which influenced its developement, whether climate, building material, customs or traditions. Perhaps we may hope in the future for closer cooperation between the historian and the architect.".

Tuesday, October 17, 1944 Pleasant

Tuesday Travellers

Ensign Brown from California
Wanted to see the Inn after buying and reading Chamberlain's book "Longfellow's Wayside Inn . . A Camera Impression"

Dr. Atwood with a party of doctors who held an informal meeting in the Parlor after dinner.

Lieutentant and Mrs. Sparrow from Wollaston, Mass. spending their third October 17th here.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Wednesday, October 18, 1944 Warm

"But where is Longfellow?" asked a young visitor the other day. He was a child who knew his Longfellow and could recite "The Children's Hour" backwards and forwards. When the answer came that the poet was not here, the boy continued - "But his clothes are here" - and he led his father to the Washington bed-room where several other guests had laid their hats and coats. Thus the most interesting questions come from our youngest guests. "Where can I buy some of that corn?" asked another young hopeful, pointing to the red and yellow ears hanging in the Old Kitchen. "You can order it from the seed catalogue" suggested his father. But the hostess had a better suggestion. She gave the youngster a few red kernels from Wayside Inn corn to plant in his next Victory garden.

Thursday, October 19, 1944 Partly cloudy

Enthusiastic guest:

"I'd like to take the whole place home with me!"

Friend. "Remember you only have a Ford!"

Friday, October 20, 1944 Cloudy

Beginning at noon time this old Inn, which had seemed a bit sleepy all the morning, woke up and became a very lively place. First came some girls from Wellesley. "We are looking for good food", they said, "we are in school!" Next came twenty wives of Army and Navy men who, after luncheon, watched Wayside Inn school children learn the Quadrille and other old dances at their regular Friday afternoon dancing lesson. Likewise in the evening, dancing classes were held for the Boy's School. Thus the day ended and the Inn was tired. It had earned a night's repose.

Saturday, October 21, 1944 Rain

The brightest spot during this dark day was a cheery fire on the hearth in the Bar-room. Here the house guests gathered. Mr. E. E. Smith of Hartford, Connecticut did a little philosophizing and gave his opinion on how to get along in this World. "You have to learn to be humble and grateful", he said. Mr. D. J. Donovan, Red Cross Field worker, contributed interesting information on the recent hurricane and showed pictures of its damage along the New Jersey coast. In this way the day was further brightened. The fire continued with its cheery blaze to give warmth and comfort to all who came in from the storm.

Sunday, October 22, 1944 Very pleasant

"The more people, the more news" should be the slogan of any news reporter. But this news-gatherer for the Wayside Inn Diary couldn't make that slogan work on this busy Sunday. Colonels, privates, Waves and veterans, businessmen, wirters, clergymen and the housewife, all passed through the portals of this old Inn today. Yet there is no news for the Diary! Hostesses did everything but scoop news. They wrote hundreds of orders, answered hundreds of questions and took hundreds of steps between Bar-room and pantry. Waitresses waited on hundreds of people and cooks cooked hundreds of dinners - and still there is no news! "People make news" is another writer's slogan, but this writer would like to add- only when there is time to collect it!

Monday, October 23, 1944 Pleasant

An early morning visitor was Dr. Ida S. Scudder from Vellore, S. India who was recently in New York where she met Mrs. Ford. Dr. Scudder's chief interest is a hospital where Indian girls are trained to be nurses and already about three hundred have graduated. Two Indian girls are in college this year at Wellesley and it was for the purpose of calling upon them that brought Dr. Scudder into this vicinity. Madame Chiang-Kai-Shek is supporting the Wellesley girls through scholarship funds.

Tuesday, October 24, 1944 Pleasant

Many anniversaried are celebrated at the Inn; some known to us and others not known. Usually however, there is something to identify the occasion; the ladies wear a corsage or a cake is smuggled into the pantry to be served at dessert time. Often the honored guest or one accompanying him will give the secret away. Such was the case tonight. But in this particular case, the news was transmitted by telephone. A friend called and announced that a Golden Wedding anniversary would be celebrated here this evening by Mr. and Mrs. Davidson of Worcester. "When they come" said the friend, "offer congratulations, but don't let them know I told you about it!"

Wednesday, October 25, 1944 Partly cloudy

Through the Mail

From Betty Hutchinson: "I want you to know how very much mother and I enjoyed visiting the Wayside Inn. After reading about the Inn for so many years, it was a grand experience for us to be able to make the visit."

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Wednesday, October 25 - continued

From Mr. Albert G. Whitney, Ass't Director, New York State Museum: Mr. Whitney, recent guest, sent the book "Historic House Museums" by Lawrence V. Colemen. Beautifully illustrated. It mentions the Inn and Grist Mill

Thursday, October 26, 1944 Partly cloudy

"I've always heard that
flees were black
But I don't think its so
For Mary had a little lamb
Whose "fleece" were white
as snow"

The above was submitted by Miss Ann Stevenson, recent house guest who called the sheep grazing in the pasture opposite the Inn "descendants of Mary's Little Lamb".

Guest contemplating the purchase of "The Story of Mary's Little Lamb": "How many "points" are required for this ?"

Friday, October 27, 1944 Pleasant

A party to honor a school principal was given this noon by six admiring teachers. The group came from the Charles River school, a private school for children under 13 years, located at Dover, Mass. The honored guest was Mrs. Winona K. Algie. Table decorations were provided by one of the teachers from her flower garden; bronze and pink chrysanthemums.

Saturday, October 28, 1944 Pleasant

White chrysanthemums and white roses surrounded by green fernery, converted the old dining room into an ideal setting this afternoon for a bridal supper. Supper was served at 4:30 o'clock to fifty guests invited by Miss Dorothy Dacey, the lovely bride who was married earlier in the day to a Lieutenant of the U. S. Navy. Miss Dacey was formerly a resident of Hudson and taught school there. She resigned October 1st to make plans for this eventful day. And every plan was carried out to the minutest detail; bride and groom stood in front of the Parlor fireplace to receive their guests, the wedding cake was cut with the groom's dress parade sword and place cards were silver-edged, with professional lettering.

Sunday, October 29, 1944 Pleasant

From Grosse Point, Michigan came Mr. and Mrs. Willard S. Worcester to have dinner here today and to tell us that they are living in Boston for the "duration". Naturally they miss being home in Michigan and Mrs. Worcester spoke particularly of her flower garden. Both want to come back to the Inn on a quieter day and possibly stay overnight. They want to explore the hills and woods and country walks surrounding the Inn.

Monday, October 30, 1944 Pleasant

Two good looking girls of the Canadian Air Force ordered luncheon today and attracted quite a bit of attention in their jaunty uniforms. "Canada" was written across the top of each girl's sleeve and when asked what their duties were, they replied: "Operational clerks, doing ground work".

Tuesday, October 31, 1944 Pleasant

"He is leaving for the West coast tomorrow", said a dear old couple who came today from Providence. "He" was their handsome son, a lieutenant in the medical corps. And a very fine sone was he. His interest in old pewter was that of a connoisseur. He knew the hall-marks and identified practically all of our pewter. His own collection is a discriminating one, consisting of marked Rhode Island pewter only. The man's understanding and appreciation of the Inn was of a very fine nature and it is hoped that he will return after his sojourn on the West coast - or beyond.

Wednesday, November 1, 1944 Pleasant

Excerpts from a recent communication

"It was tantalizing not to have time to join one of your guided tours or explore the farm and neighboring fields and woods".

"The Wayside Inn was as restful and fascinating as we had dreamed, and we were glad to have our first experience as guests at the ancient hostelry, giving our imagination free play and half expecting to hear and see the ghosts of those other guests coming down through the centuries".

"We shall return to the Wayside Inn some day for another lesson in peace and quiet and the old New England culture that spells "homefulness" to us."

Thursday, November 2, 1944 Pleasant

A former Wayside Inn employee returned tonight after spending the last few years in California. Aaron Hosmer used to be one of our watchman and later married a lovely California lady. They went thereto live. Once in every three or four years Mr. Hosmer comes back to New England to renew old friendships. And he always comes to the Inn. Tonight he and Mrs. Hosmer entertained a party of twenty relatives and friends, many small children and their elders. It was a real family get-together with Major Hosmer entertaining like ye old time host of the Wayside Inn.

Friday, November 3, 1944 Pleasant

Recent guests

One party of dinner guests, consisting of five "Waves" in trim navy blue, registered from the following five states:

Minnesota
Florida
New Jersey
California
Illinois

Lieutenant and Mrs. Samuel Kopp now on the staff at Harvard College. Both former teachers at the Fordson High School, Dearborn, Michigan.

Saturday, November 4, 1944 Pleasant

Table bouquets in the dining room this week were artistically arranged by Miss Fisher who used wild cypress and green pine in an attractive combination. The cypress grows close to the ground and is feathery in appearance. Right now its delicate green stalk is turning red and orange, brown and pink and other Autumn shades.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Sunday, November 5, 1944 Fair

Scanning the guest book, one can find many instances where Nature is very well represented in "Home Town" titles. In this month of November, so far, the following have been noted:

River Forest, Ill.
Laurel, Md.
Westbrook, Me.
Hollydale, Calif.
White Plains, N.J.
Salt Lake City, Utah
Brooklandville, Md.
Glendale, Calif.
Chestnut Hill, Mass.
Battle Creek, Mich.
Winter Harbor, Me.
Garden City, N.J.

Monday, November 6, 1944 Snow showers

A strong English accent identified the Reverend F. Irving Benson this evening as a guest from some foreign land. It was Australia. There, Dr. Benson is one of the best known bishops of the Methodist Church. He is not only well-known as a clergyman, but as a radio commentator, and talks on a variety of subjects. "He is especially good on Winston Churchill", commented the bishop's attractive daughter. She is a writer, and suggested to her father a radio description of the Wayside Inn; this, when he is home again in Australia.

Tuesday, November 7, 1944 Fair

Yesterday, under the direction of Mr. Hamilton of the Dearborn Inn, Dearborn, Michigan, the Inn changed management. Mr. R.C.Purdy has become the new manager.

Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton will be here as house guests through the week.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Wednesday, November 8, 1944 Cold

Today, the Inn folks had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Purdy and have enjoyed her being around the house with Mrs. Hamilton. Both are unusually attractive in appearance and friendly towards Inn-ers and guests. Mrs. Hamilton is helping with the desk work in the absence of Miss Jouannet, hostess, who is having a week's vacation.

Thursday, November 9, 1944 Rain

Hostess, explaining the old corn sheller:
"You put dry corn on the cob in this hollow tree trunk and pound it around with the pestle. The yellow kernels drop through the holes in the bottom."

Small Child
"But I like my corn on the cob!"

Friday, November 10, 1944 Cold

A dear little girl came with her Daddy to see the Inn today, because she is studying about Colonial life in her school. Everything interested the child; the Paul Revere prints, the Hessian andirons, pewter porringers - and when this charming guest reached the candle molds, her enthusiasm was at its peak. She had tried making candles at school in molds. She hung the wicks through the hollow tube, then poured in the liquid, "but," she added, "they didn't come out very well because we used sealing wax instead of plain wax.

Saturday, November 11, 1944 Cold

"New England Keepsakes" is the title of a small, paper-covered book of poems and Mrs. Grace Sewell Winslow, the author. Today, Mrs. Winslow presented the Inn library with an autographed copy. Three of her poems were inspired here; one, called "The WaysideInn", another, "Wayside Inn Garden" and the third, "The Grist Mill"

"And over all the garden
The poet's face will smile
For his shrine is loved by thousands
Who come to pause awhile."

Sunday, Nov ember 12, 1944 Pleasant

"Do you want these?" asked a gentleman guest today as he thrust a small envelope into our hands. Inside were two small negatives; one of the Chapel and one of the Inn. These can be printed into very fine colored pictures. The Chapel scene is especially good, taken from directly in front of the building, the white steeple silhouetted against a clear blue sky. Standing near the barn the photographer snapped a front view picture of the Inn during the Fall season. Trees are in brilliant Autumn dress. Unfortunately the name of the donor is not known.

Monday, November 13, 1944 Pleasant

Children always find here something of particular interest. The boys go stright for the guns, either Ephraim Smith's flint-lock fascinates them with it's great length or the short blunder buss which they can actually pick up and hold. The tinder pistol is also of great interest because when the trigger is pulled, the flint and steel make a real spark. Little girls like to put the small child's chair in front of the fire and watch the flames go up the chimney. Babies go to sleep in the old wooden cradle and even three and four year olds who are too old for cradles,sometimes like to climb into it. Older girls, more seriously inclined, wander through the rooms getting material for a composition to hand in to their English teacher. Thus the children bring pleasure to the Inn as well as derive pleasure from it.

Tuesday, November 14, 1944 Pleasant

The Massachusetts General Hospital, the Lahey Clinic and the Harvard Medical School are among Boston's best medical institutions. Associated with them are some of the best doctors in the World. This fact was brought to our attention recently when a guest mentioned his experi nce in flying from South Africa to Boston for the express purpose of a consultation with Dr. Smithwick. The guest, an Englishman living in Johannesburg, had a peculiar blood pressure ailment requiring a delicate operation. Dr. Smithwick was probably the only man in the World who had mastered this particular phase of surgery. Permission was granted by General Smuts of the Union of South Africa and the patient was flown to Boston, arriving in September. The operation was performed by Dr. Smithwick and today our luncheon guest reported a "feeling fine" condition. The transportation by airplane, Dr. Smithwick and the care given at the Massachusetts General Hospital have saved this man's life.

Wednesday, November 15, 1944 Cloudy

Letters have come this week from school children in Baltimore, Maryland, Johnstown, Pennsylvania and Rosemont, New Jersey asking for information about the Inn. Typical requests are as follows:

> "I am studying about the Wayside Inn in the ninth grade. Would it be too much bother for me to ask you to send me a few pictures of the Inn?"
>
> "All the children in the Class have to make an English scrapbook with pictures and themes of the Wayside Inn - - -So I wondered if you could send me a few pictures of it".
>
> "We have been studying about old Colonial Taverns. Will you please send me any pictures or information about your Tavern that you might have on hand?"

Thursday, November 16, 1944 Cloudy

A"Daniel Boone" and companion walked into the Bar-room this evening and laid hunting guns on the table. "We're lost" they announced. Then they unfolded the story of how they had parked their car on a narrow country road and walked into the woods. Several hours later they emerged to find themselves in the back yard of the Inn with no car in sight. Henry deBairos, night watchman, came to the rescue. He knew from certain landmarks - a farm house, an apple box and a dirt road, just where the car might be. "Come on" he said. "Daniel" hurried towards the door and with a wave of his hand called back - "It was the apple box!"

Friday, November 17, 1944 Pleasant

Guests are exclaiming over the long sprays of Bitter-sweet which have been brought in from the Ezekiel Howe place and arranged in pottery jugs. One large bouquet adorns the window in the old dining room while another meets the eye as one glances toward the end of the hall. In the dining room the orange berries are combined with the ever -green Euonymus for table decorations. Still more of the Bitter-sweet is used on the mantle shelf in the old kitchen.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Saturday, November 18, 1944 Pleasant

Thirty "Brownies" visited the Inn this afternoon and under the guidance of Miss Fisher enjoyed a tour of the house. "Brownies" are the younger group of Girl Scouts. Some were in uniform while others were dressed in usual school attire, sweaters and skirts. All were members of the Brownie group in Marlboro.

Sunday, November 19, 1944 Pleasant

A story of Christmas and the true Christ-like spirit came to us today from Petty Officer Edward W. Newton of the Class of 1940, Wayside Inn Boys' School. Eddie has just returned from two years service on board a tanker in the Mediterranean. Christmas last year was spent in Italy. Five miles above Naples in the town of Pozzoli is an orphanage for child war refugees. The captain of the Tanker heard about the children and raised a considerable sum of money from his crew. This was given to the Padre in charge of the orphanage and on Christmas day the ships' galley made ice cream and cookies. Eddie and the crew learned later that this was the first time the Italian youngsters had ever eaten ice cream.

Monday, November 20, 1944 Pleasant

Before leaving the Inn this morning after a week-end here, Mr. W. E. Roberts of New York gave an interesting account of dancing; especially dancing in foreigh countries. He spoke of Polish dances and Spanish dances and the kind of dancing done in Mexico. He likes the old American dances and sees in all the country dances of every country a similarity of steps. The European dances, Mr. Roberts thinks, are more picturesque because of the gay costumes worn by the participants.

Tuesday, November 21, 1944 Pleasant

This evening may have been a cold one on the outside, but within the house there was warmth and gayiety. This was occassioned by the arrival of nearly one hundred students from the Atlantic Union College in Lancaster, Mass. A turkey dinner was served in the large dining room followed by a tour of the house. Some of the group had been here before while others found many new things to interest them. Later, games were enjoyed in the large Ballroom. When the time of departure came, all were loathe to start their homeward journey through the cold, dark night.

Wednesday, November 22, 1944 Cloudy

The kitchen on a day like this is where browned turkeys sit around and wait for their stuffing. Kitchen maids weep over peeled onions and the odor of plum pudding permeates the air. Squashes were counted and rushed by truck to the kitchen door. Yes, this is the day before Thanksgiving and attention centers at the rear of the house, down stairs in the kitchen. Other people in other parts of the Inn were not idle. The lovely brass knocker on the front door was polished until you could see your face in it. Tables in the dining room were moved and dusted and then adorned with snowy white linen. Every department was busy, but the busiest place of all, was the Wayside Inn kitchen.

Thursday, November 23, 1944 Partly cloudy

THANKSGIVING DAY

The spirit of Thanksgiving, 1944, at the Wayside Inn was not unlike that which prevailed at the feast of our New England forefathers three hundred years ago. Some uttered words of thanks-giving for safety and security in a War torn world. Others were appreciative of the bounteous repast, while still others did not ex press their thanks-giving in words, but gave thanks to God in the sanctity of their own hearts. Like that Thanksgiving of long ago, there was an air of solemnity about the occasion. Gaiety and laughter were conspicuous by their absence. Yet a few guests tried bravely to maintain family traditions. For instance, the Greeleys. Their custom has been to spend Thanksgiving at "the farm". This was their first year out and in order to keep their records complete, a small scale was brought along. After dinner each member of the party was weighed and the number of pounds noted. Such a Thanksgiving custom has prevailed in the Greeley family since 1880. The Bryants too, came as they do every year and made their usual remark which always bears repeating: " To spend Thanksgiving day at the Wayside Inn is like coming to great grandmother's house". A mood of quiet simplicity prevailed. Decorations were gathered from the woods, winter greens and red berries - and the holiday dinner was not elaborate. This was not a year in which to celebrate Thanksgiving with shouts of joy; rather it was a Thanksgiving practised in truth and sincerity.

Friday, November 24, 1944 Pleasant

This morning was spent in showing the Inn to three men of the U. S. Army. Colonel Dunn was the guest of honor accompanied by a Lieutenant Colonel and an Orderly. The three expressed keen interest and enjoyment; Colonel Dunn in a quiet, dignified way while the Lieutenant Colonel showed his enthusiasm by such remarks as "Look here, Colonel, you have never seen anything like this before". The Colonel, however, has seen many things of an old and interesting nature in other parts of the World. Not so long ago he served with General MacArthur in the Philippines.

Saturday, November 25, 1944 Pleasant

Miss Virginia Adams of Medway, Mass. was married this evening to Mr. Lou Brown of Washington, D. C. in the Martha-Mary Chapel. Before Miss Adams was engaged she had decided that if she ever married, the ceremony would take place in our Chapel, even if she had to write Mr. Ford himself for permission. Tonight her dream came true.

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Saturday, November 25 - continued

In the soft glow of many candles the Chapel looked very lovely. Clusters of snapdragons in pale autumn shades were tied at each window and decorated the altar. Miss Adams had thought out every detail. When asked if she wanted the bell rung, her happiness was complete. In a beautiful ivory satin gown with long train, the bride with her attendants started to walk down the aisle just as the last tones of the bell were dying away. After the ceremony the bridal couple received their guests in the large Ball-room at the Inn where a cheery fire burned in the fireplace. Chairs and rugs added to the home-like atmosphere and soft music was played on the piano. Over one-hundred guests were served a delicious dinner and afterwards dancing was enjoyed. To the tune of the Blue Danube the guests waltzed while the bride and groom slipped away unnoticed.

Sunday, November 26, 1944 Pleasant

The name Onthank is not common nor was Mr. Onthank who registered here for dinner today, an ordinary person. He is the grand nephew of Nahum Onthank, portrait painter. Mr. Onthank, guest, told us that his uncle had once upon a time painted a portrait of Mr. Lemon's mother. It hung in the Inn and attracted quite a lot of attention. In that day and age, Nahum Onthank was wont to receive as much as $10,000 for one picture. From now on we shall look for portraits signed N. Onthank.

Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Jones of Marlboro celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary here today.

Monday, November 27, 1944 Pleasant

Two notable members of the clergy were recent guests. They were Bishop Bruce R. Baxter, Methodist Bishop of Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Alaska and Reverend D. E. Trueblood, former Chaplain of Stamford University, California; now spending his Sabbatical year at Harvard College. Reverend and Mrs. Trueblood were accompanied by a teen-aged son who was being shown things of a historical nature. "We took our older son to Europe," explained the proud parents, "but this boy is seeing America first".

Tuesday, November 28, 1944 Pleasant

F or years an old print of Lord Timothy Dexter's house in Newburyport has hung in the Bar-room. The picture is complete with fence showing the famous statues placed there by Dexter, an 18th century eccentric of Newburyport, Mass. Guests ask whether the statues are in existence or what has become of them. The answer has been found in a newspaper account of Lord Timothy presented by Mrs. R. C. Purdy, wife of the new manager of Wayside Inn. The writer says that one wooden arm from Dexter's figure of Lord Nelson, has been located. It now reposes in the collection of antiques owned by Mrs. Arthur M. Greenwood. Of special interest is the fact that Mrs. Greenwood is a Wayside Inn neighbor. What remains of the statues is, after all, right around the corner from the Inn.

Wednesday, November 29, 1944 Stormy

Guests in uniform who have returned from service overseas compare the American way of life with that in foreign countries. Lieutenant Bennett Lord, overnight guest from Englewood, New Jers ey almost bubbled over with sentiment for things in the American tradition. Speaking of the Inn he exclaimed. "This kind of a house looks awful good to me after seeing so many stone and stucco houses in Italy!" A Navy Commander compared New England's November weather to that of the South Pacific. "A week ago I was in a climate where only one piece of clothing was required. Today I am here where there is snow on the ground!" Both expressed pleasure at being back on their native soil.

Thursday, November 30, 1944 Rain

A young man and his girlish wife came on an interesting quest today. They were looking for a long lost brother, George Hill. George was in the Wayside Inn Boy's Schoolaround 1930. Never in his life, has the brother seen George. Now he wants to find him. As a help in the search, an old picture album was brought forth. There, among pictures of our school boys, was a picture of George. The resemblence was there; the brothers look alike. Other suggestions were made as to where George could be found and the brother went away in a happy mood. "I've made some progress" he said.

Friday, December 1, 1944 Windy

Christmas stockings are under way. This means that yards of red and green tarleton have been cut into the shape of proverbial Christmas stockings. Red and green yarn is used to button-hole them together and the result is a gay souvenier for the children who will attend the annual Wayside Inn Christmas party. Miss Fisher is over-seeing the work of making the stockings and Miss Staples will make sure that they are filled with candy and popcorn. Miss Jouannet's duty is to see that all the children who want stockings are invited to be here when Santa Claus comes to distribute them.

Saturday, December 2, 1944 Pleasant

A pleasant group of about fifteen friends and neighbors from Wellesley, Mass. enjoyed a get-together here this evening under the direction of a Mrs. Guernsey. Dinner was served in the large dining room with the couples seated at one long table.

Sunday, December 3, 1944 Pleasant

Window panes of historic significance are few and far between. Carefully preserved are those in the Parlor of the Inn which were scratched upon with a diamond in 1774 by William Molineaux. Longfellow calls attention to the fact that the jovial rhymes "still remain, writ near a century ago by the great Major Molineaux". Less fortunate were some panes of glass described today by dinner guests, Mr. and Mrs. Dethlefs. In their ancestral home, some scratchings were made on a pane of glass in the year 1854. Hallowe'en pranksters nearly a century later aimed at the window, destroyed the one historic pane.

Monday, December 4, 1944 Cloucy

Arriving at the Inn early this morning were twenty-two youngsters from S outhboro, Mass ., all eager to see things Colonial. Excitement prevailed. Warm leggings and mittens were completely forgotten as boys and girls scrambled towards the fireplace. Little hands pointed at the Revolutionary gun and a warming pan and bellows were quickly spotted. Then came questions, one after another until finally the teacher had to give a "hush, hush" signal. Caps and coats were removed and the hostess was at last given a chance to talk! She talked for over an hour. The children listened, they asked questions, they forgot themselves! When the Ball-room, the last room, was reached a little ten-year-old sat down at the old Chickering piano and played a Christmas Carol. It was "Silent Night". Afterwards, the teacher wrote in our guest book: "Twenty-two children had a delightful time".

Tuesday, December 5, 1944 Pleasant

It has been over a year since the Inn has had a visit from its landlord, Mr. Ford. Tonight he came. There was no special celebration. His arrival differed little from that of a regular guest. But he is not a regular guest. The old beams knew it. They took on a hue of deeper brown. The fire on the hearth burned brighter and the old clock with one hand, ticked louder. A friendly warmth glowed in the hearts of all who are here to keep and preserve Mr. Ford's historic tavern.

Wednesday, December 6, 1944 Pleasant

Guests often say that they first made the acquaintance of Longfellow when children. They remember certain lines of "The Children's Hour or "The Village Blacksmith". So a recent guest, a sailor, read the Tales of a Wayside Inn when he was a boy at sea. For this sailor was not a War-time sailor, but one who had sailed the seas since a very young lad. His mother put a copy of Longfellow's poems into the child's hands. He read them on board ship and has never forgotten certain lines, parts of the Wayside Inn in particular. Imagine this boy's pleasure when he could at last actually see the Wayside Inn. "I've always wanted to come here" he said. When asked where he came from he answered. "From all over the World!"

Thursday, December 7, 1944 Pleasant

Mr. Ford pleased Marlboro residents today when he visited a barber shop in that city. The local newspaper recorded the fact that he stopped at Mausmann's Barber Shop and that Dan Buckley "wielded" the razor.

Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Gaston Plantiff arrived this evening from New York.

Friday, December 8, 1944 Pleasant

Hadley K. Turner has sent a new and interesting book for the Wayside Inn Library. It is "A History of New Marlborough". New Marlborough lies in the western part of Massachusetts and was founded by a company of people from our neighboring city of Marlborough. Mr. Turner says that "Prior to 1749 all Proprietors' meetings were held in Marlborough, Middlesex county , one hundred and twenty-five miles distant, on account of Indian troubles attending the first French and Indian war".. . On June 15, 1759, Number Two Township became legally New Marlborough.

Saturday, December 9, 1944 Pleasant

Conspicuous by their absence this evening were our usual Saturday guests, Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Bowker of Worcester. They are spending a week at the Hanover Inn, Hanover, New Hampshire.

Mr. and Mrs. Ford, Mr. Campsall and Mrs. Plantiff left today. . Mrs. Plantiff returned to her home in Princeton, New Jersey while the others boarded a train for Detroit.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Sunday, December 10, 1944 Pleasant

Not often is the Inn favored with the celebration of two Golden Wedding Anniversaries on the same day. And in the same family. But such was the case today, when Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Perkins and Mr. and Mrs. James Robinson of Maynard were honored here by a group of friends. Mr. Perkins and Mrs. Robinson are brother and sister. The gathering numbered about twenty, each one wearing a golden colored flower. Guests were present from Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Washington, Wellsburg, West Virginia, Norwood, Mass. and Limerick, Maine.

Monday, December 11,1944 Fair

Although Greyline busses no longer bring hundreds of sight seers to our door, we at the Wayside Inn will never forget George Pearson, crack Grey Line bus conductor. George knows his history and he knows how to impart the facts to his passengers. He also writes poetry.Today he wrote a verse for the Inn and sent it along, showing that he, too, remembers the time when long grey busses deposited their load at this historic site. The verse goes this way.

"The briefest word from the Wayside Inn
Especially now 'midst the war's mad din
Brings nostalgic memories of another day - - -
Memories dear and far away - - - -
And I yearn for the peace of the Inn again."

Tuesday, December 12,1944 Stormy

This was an evening for men-folk. First came nine men from the Dennison Manufacturing Company; sales representatives from all parts of the United States. Next to order dinner, were five men from the Ford Motor Company. Third, and last, group of dinner guests were three men of the U. S. Army, a major and two other officers.

Wednesday, December 13, 1944 Cold

Thirty nine veterans from Cushing General Hospital in Framingham were given a Christmas Party by women of the Worcester Pressed Steel Company tonight. Amid much hilarity, the men searched for their dinner partners, the task being to find the number tag corresponding with their own. A five piece orchestra, who had donated their services for the party, furnished dinner music and served as an accompaniment for the very talented entertainment the girls held. Santa Claus was among those present, too, for in "she" came with a full pack of gifts and filled Christmas stockings to be distributed to the boys.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Thursday, December 14, 1944 Pleasant

Christmas greeting cards are arriving daily. They are addressed to "Wayside Inn Hostesses" or "Wayside Inn Pantry" and sometimes to "Wayside Inn Kitchen". Nicest surprise, so far, is a card from William Bridges, graduate of the Boys School in one of its earliest classes. Billy was first a private in the Infantry, then a non-commissioned officer, then a Second Lieutenant, and now, he signs himself Captain William A. Bridges. Congratulations, Billy!

Friday, December 15, 1944 Cold

Recent Guests

Priscilla Fortesque, director of the "Good Morning, Ladies" Program on radio station WEEI, Boston.

Thirteen young ladies from Atlantic Union College, Lancaster, Mass. Most of these students were Home Economics majors and were interested in the type of furniture here as well as the food served. All stayed for tea.

Saturday, December 16, 1944 Pleasant

A jolly party of about seventy men and women enjoyed the hospitality of the Inn this evening and spent several hours in dining, sight seeing and dancing. A turkey dinner was served in the large dining room. Later on, a small group journeyed through the house with a hostess, while others gathered in the Ballroom to trip the light fantastic. Mr. Haynes directed the old-fashioned quadrilles, barn dances, etc. to the tune of a three piece orchestra. Laughter and fun echoed through the house until at last a Goodnight Waltz was played. Most of the guests had a long ride home. They came from Boston and vicinity; members of an Eastern Star Lodge.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Sunday, December 17, 1944 Pleasant

Gloria Hutchinson arrived here last evening. She arose at four o'clock yesterday morning, completed her assigned duties before noon-time, then boarded a train for Boston and the Wayside Inn. This rosy-cheeked Wave is in training at Hunter College, New York and at the suggestion of her mother and sister Betty is spending the weekend here before being transferred, probably to a different part of the country. Gloria gave an interesting word picture of her work which is preparing her to be a Ship's Cook and Baker. Her previous schooling at Greenfield Village, however, gave her an understanding and appreciation of things old and historical - an interest which Gloria has definitely retained. After a long night's rest, our young guest was greatly refreshed and spent the morning looking around the grounds and the Inn. Early this afternoon she returned to New York.

Monday, December 18, 1944 Cold

Office girls and people who work together in shops or offices are inclined to plan parties at Christmas time and exchange gifts. Thus, every year several such parties are held at the Inn. Tonight, a group motored down from Worcester; forty six men and women who work at the Worcester County Institute for Savings. For them, a turkey dinner had been planned in the large dining room, while upstairs in the ballroom, a tall Christmas tree stood ready and waiting. This served to make the occasion a festive one, as old-fashioned dancing and games were enjoyed around the lighted tree.

Tuesday, December 19, 1944 Stormy

Christmas at the Inn without the Misses Dieffenbach would not be Christmas. Miss Joan arrived last week and Miss Anne will come in a few days. This is their eighth Christmas here. They like it; the Inn is a kind of second home and they need such a change at this particular time. To the Dieffenbachs, Christmas brings sad memories. Certain home associations of the season are not pleasant. But here is found a bit of comfort and cheer in the open fireplace, warmth and friendliness among the Inn family and guests.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Wednesday, December 20, 1944 Cold

Recipe for a Wayside Inn Christmas

Take a load of greens.
Sort them out and wire them together into wreaths.
Tie a red bow on each wreath.
Hang a wreath on every window of the Inn.
Add some cheer.
Cut a few small pine trees.
Place one in the bay window of the Old Dining Room, one in the Parlor and one at the end of the hall.
Spice with colored ornaments.
Sew red and green stockings together with yarn,
Fill with nuts and candy.
Sprinkle with happy thoughts.
Choose a few gifts and cover with bright paper.
Measure out a lot of cheery greeting cards.
Fill a cup and let it overflow with warm good wishes for each and all at Wayside Inn.

Thursday, December 21, 1944 Stormy

Santa Claus was in an especially jolly mood as he crawled down the chimney at Wayside Inn this evening. He arrived early. Parents of Wayside Inn school children, the children themselves, brothers and sisters, neighbors and friends were all seated in the large Ballroom at seven-thirty o'clock. Soon afterwards, the jingle of sleighbells was heard and Santa was there in a jiffy. He called the name of every child in the room and presented him or her with a stocking filled with goodies and a bright round orange. The goodiest goody found in each stocking was a candy cane. A gift, too, was received by each and every one, besides a word of cheer and a hearty handshake from Santa. Then followed ice cream and cake and last, but not least, the singing of Christmas carols. Then, it was time for Santa to wave goodbye. Little boys and girls peeked up the chimney to see where he had gone.

Friday, December 22, 1944 Cold

This is the time for dolls and toys and toys and dolls- and little boys and girls wanting them. One little guest, on a recent visit, brought her doll along too. It was a large doll and looked so real we expected it to talk or walk. "It used to go to sleep", said our little friend, as she laid it down, but Frances' big blue eyes stayed wide open and it is doubtful whether Santa will bring any little girl a nicer, better, lovelier doll than Frances.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Saturday, December 23, 1944 Cold

More Christmas! More of the real Christmas spirit came to the Inn tonight when Mr. and Mrs. Bowker arrived from Worcester. Their arms were filled with beautifully wrapped packages, one for everyone! They didn't forget a cook in the kitchen or a watchman. They had a gift for every waitress and every hostess. And every box was suggestive of the midnight blue of Christmas night. At least all were tied with blue paper and ribbon. These dear people filled the Inn with the real Christmas spirit; the spirit of loving kindness. They bring it not only at Christmas but all through the year.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Sunday, December 24, 1944 Stormy

The Wayside Inn has a special little friend among the movie folk. Not that we have developed a "crush" from attending the movies, but we have met this "movie Queen" in person. She has been to the Inn twice and came today for a third visit. She is Jane Withers. When Jane made her first appearance here she was only twelve years old. Now she is nineteen and has taken on the glamor of a real movie actress. Nevertheless, she still retains a lot of her kiddish charm. This was evident at the Mary Lamb School where Jane paused for photographers and exclaimed over the little desks. Mary Lambers had left childish examples of art work which pleased the once "child" actress. Mother Withers, who was in the dinner party of six, spoke appreciatively of the Inn as a place of rest and relaxation. "This is the first time Jane has had a day off for weeks," she said. "Rehearsals and the show keep her working pretty strenuously."

Monday, December 25,1944 Stormy

Christmas Day

Winter twilight crept across the snow this afternoon and peered into the Parlor window of the Wayside Inn. There, a quiet little hearth fire tossed its light around the room. Twi - light paused, then ran away, leaving a black curtain in each window. The hearth fire, which until now had been quite drowsy, suddenly roused itself and burned a brighter light. Its bed of coals glowed with a warmer warmth. The whole room changed from an atmosphere of gloom to one of friendly radiance. This was Christmas Night.Grandfather's clock ticked steadily on. The mahogany spinet gleamed and shone, its ivory keys eager to stnke the notes of a Christmas carol. In the corner, Longfellow's desk stood serene and dignified. The poet, from his frame on the wall, cast his eyes to the floor, for there, lo and behold, sat a tiny child. She became an angel in the firelight. She was wrapped in thick woolen clothes, light blue in color, and her tiny fingers held a little bell. This she threw into the air, its tinkle of joy and gladness filling the room, even the whole house. No need for a Christmas card on Christmas Night. This was ours.

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Tuesday, December 26, 1944 Cold

Mr. Haynes, dancing teacher, and Mrs. William Tufts walked to the Inn yesterday from Sudbury Center. Five miles!

Mr. and Mrs. William Crockett, long - time friends of the Inn, were Christmas dinner guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Margeson presented the hostesses with their "Season's Greetings" - a framed, colored picture of the Inn in earlier days, called "The Open Door of Welcome".

Wednesday, December 27, 1944 Cold

"We'd get into an awful mess if we didn't mind our parents." Thus spoke teen - aged Teddy Condit, as he worked laboriously on a jig saw puzzle. The Condit family, including Teddy and Roger, are here for two days. The reason they are having a vacation at the Inn, according to Roger, aged seven years, is because "Daddy is just exhausted!" "Daddy" is a Congregational minister and has a very large parish in Needham, Mass.

Thursday, December 28, 1944 Very Cold

Little boy.
"I'll have Roast Turkey. What does it taste like, anyway, Mother?"

Mother.
"You should know!You had it <u>five</u> times last week."

- -

Hostess, to Little Boy.
"Did you come to see the house?"

Little Boy:
"No, I just came to see your fire!"

(<u>Explanation.</u> This eight-year old guest's feet were wet from an unexpected dip in the pond.)

WAYSIDE INN DIARY

Friday, December 29, 1944 Cold

England has its Molineaux family - and it is a notable one,according to a recent guest. In England, however, the "x" on the end of the name is pronounced - and it is pronounced very distinctly. Our guest was a lovely English lady, who said that she is a member of an Archeological Society there. The society is interested, of course, in old English houses. Trips are made to especially old landmarks, and often the great English country estates are visited, Hence, a meeting was held at the Molineaux home.

Saturday, December 30, 1944 Stormy

Received from the Postman—

A picture of Jane Withers taken at the Mary Lamb School

Christmas cards from Wayside Inn Boys School Graduates, signed by:

William F. Magner
Robert K. Butler
Philip Noyes
John L. Cash
Wilfred J. Allen

Greetings from many guests, including:

Mr. and Mrs. Bowker
Mr. and Mrs. Crockett
Rev. Max Kapp
Lt. (jg) William J. Earley